

THE VALLEY OF ENNA

✓
*The Valley of Enna
& Other Poems of 1922*

*The Growing Dawn
and
Spirit of the Lower North Side
Plays of 1922*

EDWARD CHICHESTER WENTWORTH ✓
"

*Today again I say the things
That long have lain with folded wings;
Some mistral, wayward, desert blast
Had torn them from my heartstrings' grasp
As if their touch of love were past.*

CHICAGO ~ COVICI-McGEE CO. ~ 1923

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“EROICA”

(*Symphony No. 3*)

BEETHOVEN

A great life has entered the tomb.
The low sob of violins
Carries an elegy of remembrance
As they breathe its tender melancholy.

The double bass re-echoes
These falling tears of despair
At its hopeless loss
Without a resurrection.

The trumpets' cry of desolation
Is the wailing desert
Of wild barbaric winds
That have blasphemed their oasis.

Out of all comes silence
And the growing tide of hope
In a unison of sweeter harmony,
Saddened by recollection.

The comfort of despair
Rises in a louder cry
Of praise:
Farewell, beloved Chief, for Eternity's rest!

Theodore Thomas
Memorial

THE WITHERED GARDEN

A Tone Poem

All the shadows there are
Have fallen,—
All the twilights draped
In darkness.

Greenness has changed
To grayness—
Withered grayness
In the dry leaves
And the black stalks,
Trembling in the wind.
The sigh of the branches
Is woeful memory
Of a life fulfilled.

Of a life run its course
And passed into the tomb,
With dying prayers
On its lips,
That it may come again
Unto its garden of joy
In the resurrection of spring.

A lonesome bird
Flits from the naked branch,
Strangely caressed
By the chilling breath
Of winter rimes
That make forlorn its plaintive song.
The passion of life
Lies deep buried in a winter's sleep.
Withered romance
Has fallen
To the frozen bosom of earth,
Hopeless in despair.
In its soul there burns
The flickering spark
Of dying memories,
Where lost youth
Vaunts itself
In a boasted strength,
Now strangled and helpless.

Undying life,
With its flickering spark,
Lit from the fire of heaven

That ne'er grows cold,
Sleeps and dreams
Of the sun,
Whose calling, coming closer,
And speaking louder,
Rouses the sleeping spark
With the breath of a gentle wind
That blows it
Into glow again.

The withered garden
Stirs in its sleep, memories
Of the sweetness of past loves,
Unforgotten;
Lingering in the souls of its dead,
They listen,
For the gaining march of spring.

O soul of resurrection,
Wave the wand of a newer life
O'er my withered garden,
That it may awaken to youth once more.

The Chicago Orchestra.

A WINTER NARCISSUS

It seemed as if the sensuous breath
Of a thousand Edens
Was borne on the quiet air
When my white narcissus bloomed
Its fragrance in a last farewell.
The poignant grief of despairing life
Shed itself in the burning tears of a drooping face,
As if to say:
Your memory of one will be the stronger
As I recede—
You know the sweetness of my soul.

I pour out to you, as a legacy,
All the gathered nectar of my life

From the first day,
When you gave me drink
And turned my greenness to the sun,
I have felt your companionship,—
Yet was dumb to speak my gratitude.
I sensed the joy of the bursting buds
That came in later days,—
For I knew then my soul would speak to you
In thankfulness
For all your care and solicitude.

In these few days that remain to me,
Before I wither away
And lose my joy of expression,
I give you gladly
From my deepest wells,
The emblems of my existence:
Fragrance, and beauty—
These two that are my part
In the blossoming of the Universe.
For you they will be added
Beauty and fragrance to your soul—
These I bequeath to you
That nothing may be lost of the joy of life.

A RESURRECTION

Thoughts that have long been sleeping
Arouse themselves at the growing light.

Softly come forth the clustering blossoms
Of Spring.
The winter thoughts of the trees
Have burst at their impatient waiting;
Swelling ecstasies
That come to a fruition of whiteness.
How the ghosts of another life
Break into realities,
As the warmth of the kissing sun
Aligns them anew to the pleading harmonies—

The great soul of things
That bids an expression of beauty.

Restless ghosts they are,
Playing the scheme of an invisible life
Until the desire of expression
Arouses them to action.
The white clusters tell the story
Of great divinity,
Seeking to show the fragrance of beauty
As the caressing force of creation.
What a boundless warehouse
Of unseen sweetness there is
That seeks the open stage of day
On which to play its fitting part.

O, strange and beauteous manifests
Of some desire eternal,
That all life shall cry for joy
In the springtides of its impulse.
You bring the growing light and warmth
Of a fulsome heart
That the green youth of a world
May spring forth
As token of undying thoughts
That sleep themselves in freshness
To come again
In the newer glory of a resurrection.

ALICE

Sweet Alice! No other name
Seems so fit as I look on your face again.
How oft, as the years of my life
Have sped, one by one,
Has your joyous youth
Filled and o'erflowed my ageing heart.
Your never changing smile of freshness
Still looks down on me,
As it has in the two generations of years

Which have passed
Since first I met you in your gilded frame
And I learned to feel the rhythm of your swaying step.

How few unchanging things there are;
All vital life is movement
Toward a better end—or worse, maybe—
Yet still thou art the same,
The same sweet Alice
Whom I knew so long ago
When youth to me, too, was the rhythm of swaying step;—
Yet mine has gone,
And with my eyes and senses dulled,
I stand in envied musing of those days
When each of us could say of life:
“Thou jewel of unchanging things that never dies.”

Yes, so it is to me
That in the glass I see myself
As changing thing of a changing world—
Yet in your face another world
Reflects itself, in which beauty once bestowed
Remains fore’er. Youth challenges
The march of Time, nor feels the hand of Fate
In deadly workmanship.
'Tis this I envy you, sweet youth;
The coming years will bring the passing throngs
To look upon your silent face
Where beauty, once adorned, has never passed away.

Alice,
William M. Chase
The Art Institute

LA FLUTE ENCHANTEE

(Ravel)

The forest lies still in the moonlight.
An enchantment of silver white robes
Brings its spell of expectant silence,
And awaits the overture of night.

Now the haunting maiden spirit sips
The dew of the green forest's still breath,—
Hungry eyes and eagerness for life
As moon in a silver silence dips.

A pool in the quiet forest deeps
Grows white lotus flowers—iris fair
And grasses bending tall, stand sedate
While spirit of the coy maiden sleeps.

The place of the maiden's golden dreams,
By pool of the white lotus flowers,
Is where enchantments lure their fair nymphs
When the fragile moonlight intervenes.

This haunting maid is the wind of night,
With silver notes of a spirit flute,
Rustling to life sleeping forest leaves—
Waking the dawn of tomorrow's light.

THE GRAVE AT KELMSCOTT

When I see strong and beautiful grass
Growing on the grave of one
Who has lived a strong and beautiful life
I feel the brotherhood of strength and beauty.
Burne-Jones and William Morris
Were equal parts of a pattern of art
Which flames with an incandescence
Reaching far out into the years;—
Years of growing poverty to a world
That had gone on with their unfinished work
In its idle hands,
And for which there was no fit executor or assign.

The light of a great personality flickered out
On that October day of eighteen hundred ninety-six.
Morris had been like some great viking of old
Set down in the midst of these later years
To breathe a spirit of Art and Human Brotherhood.

Books and manuscripts,
Looms and vats,
Tenderness for the decaying structures
Of early England which bespoke the disintegration of Time,
Roused his interest
In a fascination of iron
Which made of him their crying voice in a wilderness.

The call to Odin came in the autumn day.
Michaelmas daisies,
Thinning willows of dull, tarnished gold,
Rooks silent in the elms,
Apples strewn the orchard grass.
In the garden the yew dragon untrimmed,—
A few pink roses and sweet peas
Lingered with the dahlias and chrysanthemums
As the door of the tomb opened
For him to enter and there await the advent of the winter's
snows.
These winter snows are eternal—
But the touch of this dead on life
Has forged, too, its wreath of beautiful immortality.

In Memoriam
William Morris

AFTER THE YEARS

I wandered thro' an old house today
Where every room had something to say.
Gone were the years and the people too,
But thro' the shadows soft visions flew,
And I felt caressing hands I knew.

Half a century has passed me by
Since I left this house with tearful eye;
The world was a romance to me then
But the house its starting place had been—
And now I'm back in the nest again.

Time has worked on with a quiet zest
Testing all things—the bad and the best;
All things that we love must meet this fate
And the old house, 'tis sad to relate,
Hovering Time yearns to desecrate.

It shivers and shakes in North Wind's breath—
Echoing rooms are footsteps of death;
Faded walls with their flowers of grime
Telling years of a half century's time—
All stand before me in misery's rhyme.

And so I drop here a tear—a sigh
As memory rebuilds the days gone by.
Time's mist entrances—its vistas elate
The old home again I fain would create—
Could heaven's wide sky more azure translate?

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

There's a wide flowing river that leads to the sea—
It pleads in siren song to me;
I cannot always trace its way,
Nor will it hesitate and for a moment stay,
To tell me why it is hurrying day by day.
Does it lead to horizons broad—
To some sweet world of strangeness by my feet untrod?
Oft I stand in the silence of its grassy shores,
When moonlight's flood resistless pours,
To wonder why it never rests;
What relentless master commands unceasing quests
In the far off world of an ocean's boundlessness.
Still the placid face only smiles
To pass, with a regretful look that reconciles.
But this river and I are bound by friendship's ties—
It moves along with smiles and sighs;
Speaks of a world beyond—unknown—
To which, all unwittingly, it has strangely flown.
Will I let it lead me there where the mysteries shown
Tell a secret the river knows,—
An ocean's Nirvana, to which each pilgrim goes?

A CONVENTION OF ALLEY KATS

(Fast, with Restless Energy)

Mr. Tom
Was chasing his lady friend
About the backyard of the hotel
When the sun suddenly collapsed
And fell behind the overheated mountains.
A multitude of pale moons
Arose and began to babble their little troubles
To a great Universe
Which tried to preserve its serenity
In the calmness of the night.
Tears trickled adown the faces of these little moons
As the wails of the alley kats
Arose in the pink atmosphere of the barnyard.

(With Quiet Languor)

The first violins purred,
As if to appease the restless Tom,
But the glittering saffron of a thousand female eyes
Only spurred him on.
His mind swelled and swelled, until the orbits of his eyes
Sank into the palpitating flesh around them
And he fell into a morass
Of deep languor.
It must have been the midnight orgies
Of an overfed stomach
For the rising clash of the cubist harmonies
Made a nightmare
That paled to insignificance the song of the kats.

(WITH TRIUMPHAL SWEEP)

Fairly Fast

Mr. Tom
Finally awoke from his purple dream,
The gray dawn of a better life
Was slyly creeping, with the female kats,
Down the alley like a slinking shadow.
Each note was sobbing

The triumph of the dawn—
With a sudden crash the sun awakened
And dried the tears of night.
In a low sweet murmur of the violins
The majesty of day
Cast its blushing radiance on a world
It had loved and lost and now loved again,
While Mr. Tom
Shed a parting tear as the baton fell on the field of carnage.

*Impressions of
Leo Sowerby's Symphony No. 1
Chicago Orchestra*

HUMORESQUE

Yes, she was quite a decided brunette—
Black, snappy eyes—
Hauteur—
All that goes with money riches—
Perhaps inherited—maybe married;
At any rate the possessor of a fine electric coupe
And going down the boulevard alone.

Nature had shed a few tears
And the pavement was moist—
Too moist for uncorded tires
Which some people use.
This was her misfortune,
For a skidding machine racing toward her
Seemed like a cruel Juggernaut.

But it wasn't,
And was satisfied to push her rather gently
Into a stone safety post
Lying complacently in the middle of the boulevard.
This put her out of action for a while anyway
And there was not much to do
But take a street-car and go home.

It was a new experience to ride in a street-car,
And when the gentlemanly conductor
Gave her a thin strip of paper
In exchange for her eight cents
She knew not its purport.
The giver being a man of humor,
Seeing her look of inquiry,
Politely advised her
To keep it,
As, when she had collected twelve of them,
Upon presentation at the office of the Company,
She would receive in exchange
A photograph of the motorman.

Upon telling the glad news
To her husband later
It is not surprising to learn
That the humorous conductor
Was soon looking for
A new job
Where his peculiar talents would be better appreciated.

THE VALLEY OF ENNA

The breath of Zephyrus
Fondly kisses the Valley of Enna.

The Valley of Enna
Is the valley of sweetness.
In all Sicily shines not the sun
More kindly,
For Demeter, the Mother goddess,
And her fair daughter, Persephone,
Dwell therein.
The days come and go
In this Golden Age,
And Time interweaves everywhere
The spirit of a carefree eternity.

Nature's tranquil moods
Brood with a hovering tenderness
In this glad valley of Sicily;
The colors of rainbows
Shimmer and laugh in the petals
Of all its flowers—
Roses, hyacinths, lilies, and the purple iris.
Persephone and the valley nymphs
Play amongst them,
And their joyous chatter
Is the sound of laughing music.

One splendid flower stands by itself,
Majestic, alone, supremely beautiful
To the young girl's eyes
Nothing can withstand its fascination.
In the ecstasy of the moment
Persephone grasps its stem,
That the fragrance of a bountiful life
Might be hers,
And there come to pass
In consequence,
Events that change the Golden Age
To a world where both joy and sorrow
Commingle with the passing seasons.

At her side,
In the transformation of a moment,
The earth beneath the flower
Has opened.
From its cavern depths
Appears a chariot of gold,
Drawn by horses hued to the blackest coal.
And in the chariot's seat
Sits a king—a smileless king—
Long lost in darkness' depths.
Pluto is his name.
In his loneliness he calls
Upon the greater gods,
And their sympathy for him
Lends the beauty and smile of Persephone.

As his bride it is
That he takes her now
Beside him in his chariot
Down into the realm called Hades—
The abode of the dead,
For there his kingdom is
And there he must remain.

Very great and terrible
Was the sorrow of Demeter, the Mother,
At this strange loss
Of her heart's delight.
No recompense could be hers—
The world of sweet joyousness
Became a tearful sea
Wherein her sorrows merged themselves
To conspire for vengeance!
For was she not the goddess of the fruitful Earth—
And thus resolved was she
That if her child did not return,
No longer would the Valley smile
With corn and wine.
Her messengers sent she far abroad:
The great white crane
That brings the rain from pastures of the mist;
At night the torches
Lit on Aetna's heights
Lent the distant skies a glare;
But alas, no returning tale
Of joy to her.
At length the thought of one
Who sat upon a glowing seat
To cross the skies each day,
Brought consolation's balm.
Helios, the sun god
It was, who told her this:
That Pluto, lonesome king of Hades,
With Zeus' consent,
Had taken the playing nymph away
To the shades' abode

Which lies beneath the earth—
Nor could she evermore return.

And now at this
The Mother god was sorely wrought,
Nor comforted could be.
What cause could greater gods have found
To do this cruel thing?
Resolved was she to punish them
And from all the earth
Take life of growing things
Until repentance sought their heal again.
So it was, without her care,
The trees no blossoms bore,
The fields were gray and bare;
No colors flowered,
While Nature stood with leaden eyes
In vacant stare.
Zeus, on great Olympus,
Paused, and in his compassion
For the Earth Mother,
Seeing that her sorrows must be healed,
Called Iris
To set her rainbowed bridge across the sky
And quickly go to comfort Demeter.

Only the return of the Spring maiden
Could do this,
And Pluto was commanded to bring her back to Earth.
Do this he must;
For none dared disobey the voice of Zeus.
But craftily he tempted her
To eat a certain fruit,
The seeds of which would keep her love
Fore'er alive—
Then took her in his chariot
Back to Earth again
That life could lift its head
To joyousness.
The strings of Hermes' lyre
In prologue's song of sweetness,

Told Demeter to dry her tears—
For now had Zeus returned
The missing joy
That life and gladness might again
Fill all the fields and vales.

Certain fruits in Pluto's realm
Demeter had learned,
Gave lasting potions of the heart's desire
Whereby unbound again
Could never be the hold of love.
Persephone knew this binding force,
And to her Mother
Told the story of the pomegranate seeds
Whereby her contract now must be
To stay on Earth from early Spring
'Til harvest-time;
Then again return
To Hades 'til desire of Earth for Spring
Should importune.
"Grieve not, dear Mother,
Kindness received I from Pluto's hand;
His nobility inspires my love
And now at his hands
My freedom on Earth
For eight months of each year shall be,
But for four months
Must I remain with him beneath the world.
Let us then be comforted,
Our mourning turn to joy,
And together, once again,
Return to the fields of Enna
That the Earth may renew its gladness."
Thus the Golden Age passed
Into seasons of joy and sadness.
Demeter and Persephone
Returned to the Island of Sicily
With the wand of renewing life
For its valleys and fields.
Soon the yellow corn swayed in the breeze,
The olive and the grape put forth their sprouts,

And the brown grass became green.
The trees and the flowers awakened
To the melody of the birds and the bees.
Once again
The Valley of Enna became the valley of sweetness
Fondly kissed by the breath of Zephyrus.

Thus, under the new dispensation,
Persephone brought the sunshine warmth
Of Spring and Summer, and Autumn
To her goddess Mother;
But when Winter came
Hermes drove the golden chariot
With the coal-black horses
To claim the Spring maiden
For Pluto's time of reward.
Thus the world now sleeps
For a season of cold and frost,
Until the Spring maiden's return
To gladden the Earth with seedtime and harvest.

LILAC FLAMES

White and purple flames of love
Burn fiercely on the lilacs—
The heart burst of Spring
That speaks God's voice
To Youth.

The world of laughing flame—
A blazing torch
To light Spring's bridal feast
Of blossomed petals—
Fragile white faces—
Long buried Winter sweetness
Drawn to a gateway
Of Sun's desire.

Is this the heart
Of Divinity
Opening itself
To a resurrection of hope?

The warmth of a great love
Is in this laughing flame
Where the wind wooer
Plays his lisping flute.

Faint wood voices call
With the green spirit breath
Of untired trees,
Whose newborn leaves
Make another sky
To the forest—
A blue canopy hidden
By the clasp of branches
Borne to each other's arms
Where tender leaves kiss.

'Tis now, this symphony of Nature
In which there sounds the triumph of Spring,
Leads the procession of virgins
To a Sun
Whose white hot flame burns them to fruition.

THE MARBLE NYMPH

Yes, I kissed those cold lips of marble,—
She was a wood nymph,
Sitting carelessly—yet thoughtfully
By a leafy stream,
With the shell of a mollusk in her hand
And her eyes dreaming of something far away—
I know not of what.

Her lips were of cold marble
Because she was the child of a sculptor—
Some dream of his that had become visible—
Some dream that would never pass away;
A mood as persistent as the tides,
And it bid me stay
That I, too, might dream a lasting dream.

Her pensive gaze
Seemed to tell of a long-lost time
Of rapture—
Something once born into her life
Only to find its little day of joy too soon outlived—
Then a passing on to dull monotony.

I could fancy her the child
Of a Pygmalion,
Born ne'er to feel the breath of life
But sweetly cold in everlasting death;
One to tell her story silently,
In the whispering wind,
As the stone face looked back at her
From the leafy stream.

I said in life such beauty grows to decay,
The joys of a changing world
Pass with each futile hour
And are gone forever;
So I clasped my stone beauty in my arms
And pressed her cold lips with mine,
While her eyes looked away,
As in the sweet sleep of a dead love
That fades not nor changes
As time weaves the ever-passing years.

Nymph with a Shell,
Art Institute

CONTENTMENT

How trite the stories of the centuries run—
There are the pioneers who find
No prepared places—
Are forgers of their way
Thro' unbroken wildernesses
O'er run by the freedom of wildness.
'Tis through wildness that the places
Of accomplishment beckon.

One century stands before a dozen
As the resting-place
Of the hunter
Who has blazed his way to the goal.

The mine of the blazing jewels
Lies hidden in the deeps—
Far away, through unbroken forests,
Across distant seas.
Privation, poverty, the allure of unknown shores—
Separation from the familiar—
Songs of strange birds—the tropic maze.
To possess—the passion to possess
What men at home call wealth—
A sacredness that law builds walls about,
As birds build strong nests of straw
In which to hide their blue shell jewels.

I sit at a little window
Rocking myself to calmness as the twilight grows;
One by one the stars of night
Take their places before me in the sky.
I say to myself:
These are the jewels which have come out
Of those far away places
Where the men have gone
In the peril of the jungle fever.
I wonder why they struggle so—these men;
Why pioneers must feel the pangs
Of hope, and fear, and despair
While I can sit and rock in the twilight
And the jewels of the sky
Full blaze their costless pleasures deep into my heart
With an everlasting, unending smile.

A POET'S THOUGHTS

One star, of all that filled the skies,
Bent low, as if to tell me things—
Words and songs that twilight brings
Of the vastness where silence lies.

Sometimes I think the great white way
Is one of deep sky's boulevards—
A trysting place of heavenly bards,
And where the star-beams romp and play.

My bending star, whispering low,
Pointed beyond the great white way;
“ 'Tis further on,” it seemed to say,
“Where the thoughts of poets go.”

CASTLED ROCKS

And I stood on the high bridge
Across the Father of Waters,
Facing the great stone fortress
In front of Dubuque.
The mist of the years filled my eyes,
As I saw written there,
The story of the pioneers—
The breakers of a new way of freedom—
Taking freedom from those they faced,
Yet wielding the mighty force
Of a tide that could be turned
No more than the waters of the flowing river.

And I looked down from the bridge
To the flooding stream
That passed on, and on,—
Taking the homage of the States
As it swept toward the tropical sea
Into which its varied tribute poured.
O, mighty, silent stream;
What majesty in your unending procession,
Dividing the East from the West—
The old from the new;
Giving the freshness of vigor
To the soil that it might bear a testimony.

And then the visions of the ages
Shewed themselves to me
In the rugged features of the towering rocks.
A mighty force had parted them

That the river might find itself
And draw its brood together
In some lavish day of sweeping triumph.
The signal fires of a Black Hawk
Blazed to the answering fires
On Savanna's heights
As my visions came to the later days
When the red man's corn was turned against him
By the power of another's greed.

The Mississippi River
at
Dubuque

GALENA HILLS

One day more,
Where the mystery of silent hills
Floods the mind with tranquility.
No sailor, without a shore
To circumscribe his freedom,
Could feel a greater thrill
Of adventure,
Than in the stillness of these places
Of unending horizons—
The tribute of greenness to the visible world
Where a Summer's sun
Has kissed life into undulations of serenity.

Riding abreast of the sky,
With a unisoned choir of the hoot owls
Like the play of a thousand silver strings—
Now loud—now dying away in the distance—
Nature's prayer of thanksgiving
For the morning of life and light—
The heart of a god breaking forth into ecstasy
At his handiwork.
Down deep by the roadside
A vine-covered ravine of fruits and flowers
To whom the echo of the musical stream below
Seemed the solace of a lover's heart.

O, Time, how thou hast caressed these hills
Of rock and iron
To a softness of green and verdure.
Their stubborn heads uplift themselves
That the children of sun and rain
May find a dwelling-place—
The blossoming tryst of love and hope.
Here divinity dwells in its robes of silence,
Giving the tokens of all the years
That have spent their days
In an adoration of some unseen mind
That has spelled the glorious way.

*From Galena
To Savanna.*

WHITE BIRCHES

Where the glacier once stretched in the sun
Is the grooved earth—a ravine begun
On shores of the lake, and a brooklet's run
Following its joyous way enthralled,
With echoes of its laughter unrecalled.
Here the slim white birches lean, listening
In the silence, and below, glistening,
The dancing face
Of water's race.

How sweet the tranquil course of Nature's day
Where in the world of life and heart at play
Time works with the centuries' teeming hands;
'Tis thus the universal scheme expands,
Unfolding in a mysterious way
Its drapery, and the potter's plans display.

Art transforms the chaos of Nature's hand—
It strives to modify, but not command;
Brings wholeness of a comprehensive book
To lights and shadows in a world's outlook.
Nature weaves the colors—Art arranges,

Where the white birches lean nothing changes,
But in mind of man, imagination,
Sets fire to things, like frosty Autumn's sun.
His poesy flings laughter to the brook,
Gives voice to bending birches' silent look;
The glistening eyes of dancing water's face
Are sporting dryads in the tumbling race
Where deep within the leafy, tree'd ravine
The rushing brooklet seeks a greater scene.

How now, O, fellow things of Nature's deed—
What golden dreams sail forth in restless speed
To mould their rugged shapes to artists' need?
Methinks the slender birches' listening ear
Will catch the softer cadences of cheer
That in Nature's rhyme and Nature's story
Bring to Artist's mind his poem's glory.

The North Ravine
Lake Bluff

SUN FLOWERS

Along the roadside's dusty way
The peering faces, smiling, gay,
Gaze archly from their yellow hair
In silence of a canny stare.

They seem to think that I intrude
And break their peace of solitude;
Throw dust-clouds on their dress of green
To spoil the velvet of its sheen.

I doff my hat to left and right,
As if in pleasure at the sight,
And as I quickly pass and turn,
Forgiving, nodding heads, discern.

Sunflower Boulevard
Chicago

POMONA

In her August garden of apple trees
She stirs herself—then bending on her knees
Her apron fills, save with the waving leaves
Of a clustering branch she holds on high
Which paints its red and green against the sky;
And as she raptly turns to me
So proudly, in her face I see
The shadows of the red and green,
Alike some joyous mask, or screen
Hiding the love of her eyes, and a smile
That has played in the gleam of artless guile.
O, raptured scene to me—where innocence
Sweetly plays its part with a love's intents,
Yet holding my eyes to the Season's charms
Which fill o'erflowingly her circling arms.

Pomona

Edward Burne-Jones

Art Institute

*"I am the ancient apple green,
As once I was, so am I now,
Forever more a hope unseen
Between the blossom and the bough."*

WASHINGTON SQUARE

All around me
The yellow and orange canna blossoms
Listen to the music of the plashing fountain
In Washington Square.
The quiet evening sky,
Not yet subdued from its dying sunlight,
Looks complacently down—
Its white clouds of filminess
Stir lazily in a soft and gentle wind
That, too, scarce disturbs the leaves of the summer trees.
Old men with puffing pipes lounge about
On the green settees of the Park,

Talking in the explosives of their mother tongues,
Or languidly reading the strange alphabets
Of their different evening papers.
Groups of twos and threes discuss affairs of State
With gestures of a positive assurance—
The unbidden thought-mongers
Of a busy world which has cast its refuse
On the shores of an ending day.

I sit with the words of wisdom
Full open before me, in the Emerson book,
And read:—"Because the soul is progressive
It never quite repeats itself,
But in every act attempts the production
Of a newer and fairer whole."
I muse at these words, and I look about me
At the cannas, and the plashing fountain
With its merry music,
Then up to the sky-depths and their floating clouds,
And down to the gently waving trees,
And say to myself:—
"Yes, this will never be quite so again,
All of it is a part of the moving soul of God
In the act of expression—
Each day speaking its message
In a little different language
That I may at last understand
The journey of all things toward perfection."

And as I look again across the canna beds,
The kissing sunshine of an earlier hour
Has gone—the cloudlets change,
Assuming another shape, as if to say:—
"Do you like us better now, in the newer guise?"
And I say:—"Herein lies the great soul's mood of the moment,
Thou art the fair setting thereof—the fitting frame—
In perfection's journey."

Washington Square
Reverie

ON THE LAKE STREET ELEVATED

Moving thoughts on the Elevated
Rush into the arms of the years ago;
Eastward, towards the Lake,
Past Hamlin, and California
To Campbell, where decay
Shows its bitterness
And the white man's forgetting
His burden in a negro's inheritance.
Everywhere the scarred and battleworn
Faces of the houses,
Once the domiciles
Of the first inhabitants—
But long ago deserted
In the roar of the Elevated.

Fifty years of tramping, restless *TIME*,
Since the early sweetness
Of Oakley and Ashland, with the latter's
Countryside
Nestling at its border
As if to bring
A measure of greenness
To the City's westward flow.

At Sheldon, Ann and Morgan
How the dreary skeletons shake
As the old train structure itself shakes
In its weariness and despair;
Dismantled churches,
Untenanted saloons—
Both the abodes
Of the past generation
In its hours of piety and play
Lift their vacant eyes
In the agony of rooted helplessness,
Crying at their desertion
And neglect
By the hopeless crowd of another Age
That gropes about

In sordid way
In the garbage of the Past.

Halsted and Canal
Bring the determination of another century
Into view.
Wrecks of the earlier years,
Have succumbed
To the waves of prosperity
That bespeak commercial greatness—
And now the faces
Of things living and dead
Put on a lineament of the grimness of Peace
As the train
Passes on the bridge
To join the surging crowds
Of a hurrying Mecca.

THE IRISH MOON

In the high sky, over the Irish sea
Where I weep in silence, you come to me
As I sit in grief of my country's woes.
Deep down are the sunken wells of sorrows
Which bow my head; I feel the galling rod—
The despair of dreams that have failed of God.
When I press my face toward you, response
Is quick—I sense your silver smile, beauteous
To my heart transfixed at the cold gray shore,
As if no moon could charm again the lore
That bloomed so full on other Edenside
And beyond the “blarney” of ocean's tide.

Here now I rest, the softness of your light
Translates the deeper shadows of the night.
Until my mind is freed, I feel the slip
Of a slowly changing world in the dip
Of melting hours, when the Baal fires glow
On the mountains where the sacred oaks grow.

Sidhe forms glide in the wild orange flames
In play of their summer middle night games.
O, Ireland, song of my heart, let me be
To thee a lover, careless, joyous, free;
I pledge the moon, soft shining o'er the sea,
As hostage for the fairy world, and me.

Great night, where quiet music stirs its breast
In the moan of the trees by wind's lips pressed
Curtain o'er my land, as if changeful scene,
Can bring to morning's light a yester's dream.
A dream of Ireland free to make its place
In a world unbought by a slave's disgrace.
Freely to live its moods of head and heart
Where romance disports in a friendship's mart.
Now the long centuries close in the light
Of a moon that has guarded Ireland's night,
Even tho' shrouded in a paleness' gloom
The days are prophets of its master's doom.

CONVALESCENCE

Today again I say the things
That long have lain with folded wings;
Some mistral, wayward, desert blast
Had torn them from my heartstrings' grasp
As if their touch of love were past.

My clouded mind to misty shores
Stretches out, and with cry implores,
As if some spark of life divine
Had lost itself in distant clime
Wherein it sought its old align.

I grope about the fading mist
That hides the shore of shadow tryst—
I urge my song to break its lyre
In bounding pulse of blood's desire,
As if to drench with crimson fire.

And thus I shed some tears—a sigh
For vagrant days that pass me by;
My soul's asleep—some peaceful morn
I shall awake to think with scorn
Of sunless days and love forlorn.

The world breaks forth in oldtime song,
Stars press down in clustering throng,
Life is a-thrill once more, as when
All things laughed in the faith of ken
That Beauty's throne had always been.

A PROCESSION OF SEASONS

The spirit of Nature is cold:
Winter is the General of the bivouac
That lies before us.
In the mistful light of an early sun
The stern face of a dead Season
Uplifts itself
As if to say: "I have covered the world
With my white blanket—
Let it rest, for there is much work to do;
Soon must come a day
When yonder sun will stretch himself
And call his sleeping camp to life again."

The spirit of Youth is warm:
It speaks its protest of the sleeping camp
Wherein the soul of deadness
Writes, in drifts of white,
Its silent words of hopelessness.
Some opening way must show a path
By which the heart may glow
Its youth to action.
Dormant Nature revolts the soul of Youth
Who digs the Autumn leaves,
As if to wreath a place
Wherein the feet of one he loves
May go their way.

The spirit of the leaves is restless
In the Winter's wind;
Now released before their time
Of breaking Spring,
They shiver with the chattering birds
Who make a noisy play about the path.
The heart of the woman is Spring;
The heart of the man is a growing Summer;
The wreath of the leaves is the end of love
Whose destiny is the cold world of these Winter snows.

A Pathway in the Winter Roadway
Jules Breton
Art Institute

SAFFRON TWILIGHT

A jug of saffron twilight
Has broken softly
Where the upturned face of the lily pond
Awaits the summer stars.
The lotus blooms asleep, dream languid dreams,
Save as touched anon
By some wayward zephyr, seeking its repose
Within the folds of a growing night.
The symphony of the ending day
Sings heavy with the sorrow
Of a losing love,
Receding tremulously in the darkening shadows.

Sans care, in the placid stillness
Of the pond
Floats the little boat,
Whose unmanned oars bespeak a quietude,
Wherein the art of love
Is master of its shafts of conquest.
Human hearts, whose beat of early youth
Is brought to vibrant pulse
By common touch of hands,
Forget the growing shades

In thinking that their net is seeking other things
While they themselves are caught within.

To Saffron skies of a passing day
In Nature hushed and stilled
Is born a spark of evening flame.
As the twine of rose about the fallen tree
So newborn love of youth
Befits a sinking sun.
The gathering shadows of the night
Are Nature's rest
In which to drape a newer stage
Of light
More potent than to these whose common touch
Has opened wide to them their eyes in paradise.

The Amateurs
Alexander Harrison
Art Institute

LEGENDS OF ST. SEBALD

The romance of religion lies buried in the centuries.
Mistfull halos lend enchantments
Which sanctify unrealities.
The mind is charged with the embellishments
Of an Age of processions and pageantries;
Color is the expression
Of a divinity's tapestries of witchery
Which mould the minds of an expectant people.
The imposing edifice with its pointing spires;
The deep-toned, or the wildly joyous bells of the steeple;
The vaulted naves, and transepts
With the falling flood of a dimness of light
From the pictured windows;
The hush of a cooling silence
Broken by the fresh-voiced choir
And the monotone of the priestly chant;
Swinging censers, the elevation of the Host,

The Holy Eucharist, all work in the soil
Of Imagination's garden,
To lend reality to the mirage of an unknown world.

The mission of Ecclesiasticism
Is the solace of life to the multitudes
Who grope through the mazes of existence,
Unwitting to its deeper meanings.
Thus has ignorance been the handmaiden of romance,
Deepseated in the Ages,
Where the colors of the passing show
Have caught the eyes and held in grasp
The obedience of a wondering world.
In the mysterious silence of a great cathedral,
Where the bended knee
Of a penitent
Translates him to a diviner presence—
There flows the rhythm of tranquil soul
Which fills his mind with the renewing force
Of an eternal reality.

NURNBERG

It was in old Nürnberg, on the river Pegnitz,
In the days of Frederick Barbarossa,—red beard,—
Beloved of the people, born to bring glory and greatness
To the city of his choosing;—
Back in the days of the early renaissance
Which was to break the darkness
Of the Middle Ages,—
Unloose Europe from the sleep of centuries
In which all stimulus to art and progress
Had been smothered by the devotees
Of sects and religions struggling for the mastery.
The first glimmering stars of a newer day
Were hanging low in the horizon,
Separated by the impassable distances of untracked space,
Yet granting hope, each to the other,
In the conscious sense of their common mission.
Italy, Germany, France, Spain, Holland, England,—

Alike feeling the impulse of life's desire
To sing and to smile,
To walk in the fields and valleys of joyousness,
Drink from the springs of knowledge
And let Beauty's hand lead them out through the mists
Into a clear day of cerulean skies.
Thus was born a newer art of color;
The printing press, the Reformation,
Scholarships broke the shells of bigotry
Outgrown in the broader horizons
And walked manfully in the open road
Of a braver expression.
God's voice to the simple peasants
Of Franconia was the old voice
Of the early church.
Sturdy in the habits of daily life and toil,
Their faith reflected in the mirror of the passing days,
The steadfast cling to a simple trust
Which marked the constancy of their foregoers,
And to these convictions gave adherence.

To this day and time
Came a youth of royal blood;
Nurtured, like St. Francis of Assisi,
In the cradle of affluence.
His parents, a king and queen of Denmark,—
Devout servants of Almighty God,
Childless until now.
But now, as an answer to their ardent prayers,
Blest with the presence of an heir
To the throne.
Strange inheritances there be,
And the fondest hopes of longspend dreams
Oft are wrecked on rocks of desert coasts.
Implanted in this royal, princely heart
Were seeds of difference,
Wherein a life of ease and power
Would give its place
To devotion of another sort.
Like Jesus, Son of God and man,
Was he to walk the Earth

Doing good. Power and ease he cast aside
To seek the kingdom of the poor,
Wherein to find his better part
And lead the life to which a germinating seed within
Had destined him.

It was the gay springtime of Paris
When Summer's lips were holding themselves in readiness
To greet the voyagers of life.
At eighteen's age,
Our youth bade goodby to school and friends.
His ardent nature had brought to him
The responses of a receptive mind,
The companionships of loyal associations
In friends and teachers;
He left behind
The pleasant memories
Of a truthful zeal with mind of keen achievement.

Then to his home returned,
To parents, and the fate for him
They'd patterned out.
Full sure were they that this son
A royal heir in every sense would be;
And so for him a mate of gentle blood
Was found. In silence he acquiesced,
Though broadly sure the call of God
Was stronger than all earthly ties
Of sovereignty or State.
When the hour had come
At end of marriage feast,
He left the gathered throng
With her, his wedded wife,
As if to spend the joyous hours
Of love's first revelation.
But passing out the castle's gate
He found himself now face to face
With resolution's firm command:—
Go ye hence alone, away from here,
To forests deep and mountains wild,
And there commune with self, and God,

That thou shalt learn
The will of Him who holds thee strong.
The quiet voice within
Then gave him courage
To speak the final words
By which the flimsy link of State
Was cast aside,—
Then asking for her silence,
Fled in shadows of the night
And lost himself fore'er
To all the things
Of life that princes love:—
The rulership of men
Through royal pomp and power.

Alone in depths of death-still forests
Meditative hours
Prepared the way.
No deprivation too severe
To test his faithfulness
In the mission of life's devotion.
Several years of wanderings
Unknown save to the few
Who, like him, were religious devotees,
Preparing themselves for lives of penury,
Sacrificing all for the Christ's sake
And a hope of eternal blessedness.
The crucifix ever beholden
To the eyes,—
The divine guide that stayed hunger
And the pains of wandering,
Yet with it the growing strength
From benedictions of a tranquil mind.
Youth sang its songs of ecstasy
In memories of all the saints
Who had won their way
To blessedness through self-immolation.
"He that shall forsake father and mother
For my sake—take up his cross
To follow me,
Him will I endow with the peace

That passeth all understanding.
 To him shall be granted
 The visions of the heavenly host
 That come to them
 In the passion of a great poverty
 For my sake.
 Verily, I say unto you, my son,
 I rejoice greatly at your sacrifice.
 Keep steadily onward;
 I will be your keeper, even unto the end."
 And the voice of a lonesome bird
 High up in a tree of the forest
 In which he sat,
 Seemed to be this voice of the Redeemer
 Speaking—
 The voice of God, speaking through Nature,
 Was his divine accompanist.
 Each leaf which stirred in the breath of the wind,
 The ripple of the water in the wayside brook,
 The song of the bird in the forest,—
 All formed a choir of acolytes
 Learning with him the lessons of divinity.
 When the storm came
 And the harshness of the elements
 Stirred the forest's depths
 To a sublime consternation,
 He saw again the conflict that had raged within himself
 Made evident.
 Life was a storm
 When taken without those strong gates or walls of peace
 That he had forsaken
 For Christ's sake.
 Then after the storm, would come the calm
 And, unlike the forest,
 His mind could anchor forever
 In a sea of placidity—
 The gift of God to those who chose it in freedom.
 Thus he fortified himself
 In daily contemplation;
 Strong in body, courageous in mind,
 The purity of the open world

Entered into his willing grasp
Until he felt the power of leadership,
And a readiness
Then to go forth wherever his steps were led
By the whisperings of an inner self.
One Springtime morn,
After many days of toilsome wandering,
There came to him—our youth of royal blood—
A scene of hope.
To fairest Italy had his footsteps turned
And there in peace before his eyes
Lay sleeping, yet unkissed by warmth of sun,
A Lombard lake,—
Most perfect jewel of all that set
The crown of Piedmont's gems.
Cinderella was it called,
For haughty pride of sister lakes—
Lario, Lugano, and Maggiore,
Forgot its littleness
In their greater selves,
Nor sought its gentle shores
The travelers of the day
Because its voice in stillness lay
Held close in modest beauty's blush.
He paused in wonderment
At the peaceful scene
And soon the rising sun above the mountain's tops
Shed gladness on the waking day.
Perfumed clouds of sweetness
On wafted gusts of sudden winds,
Kissed his lips and soothed his sunbrowned cheeks,
As if to welcome him to rest and ease.
The greeting of the sumptuous blossoms
And pungent odors of the shrubs and trees
That dwelt in great profusion.
Rhododendrons, azaleas, magnolias and oleanders,
Fig trees, and all the kindred
Of the softer latitudes,
Gave him greeting of their ardent hearts
And conjured him to tarry there
Encircled by their languorous spell.

To a scene like this what could he say?
A conflict in his mind was born.
Here was ease, and a listless life—
Why should he be remiss
To the call of class
Which whispered in his mind
The softer things
Which made for indolence.
The call of Christ spelled renunciation,
A shriven self of impotence
Wherein the plenitudes were hid
In stubborn growth of vagrant wilderness.
And then to him his eyes of mind beheld
The mountain top of legend's page,
Whereon the Christ was led
By him who sought his compromise,
And on its Summer's summit
Passed to view the gorgeous kingdoms of the world
Lying low before his eyes.
A fortune might be his
To turn about and join the peaceful ways
A royal heir could conjure with.
The beauteous lake with mountains all around
Bespoke to him this life of tranquil hesitation.
Alone he struggled with himself—
A wandering, forest life had brought with it
Forgetfulness of the finer things
That ease and restfulness provoke.
Before him now a royal Eden
Stretched itself—where lake and scent of flowers
Awoke his deadened self
To conflict with his newborn life of sacrifice;
But as he more intenser grew,
In struggle of his mind,
A distant convent bell spake out
As if to call him back to penitence.
Out on the lake he looked
To see from whence the sound had come,
And in his eyes there rested,
Through brilliance of twilight,
The outlines of a terraced slope

Upon which reposed a white-faced monastery.
An island in the lake there was
That seemed to be the residence of monks and saints
Who lived alike the ways of peace and strife.
To him there came the hope
That faith inspires
Of joining those whose lives
Were mellowed in this sacred spot of holy contemplation.
Alone thus far had he gone his way,
His feet directed by the mind of God,
And surely was this the goal or stopping place
At which to pause
And learn the further will to usefulness.
There on his knees he fell,
With raptured face upturned
As if to heaven opened wide—
The scarlet sins of thought
Had tempted him to turn away,—
To break his ties of everlasting peace—
Peace like the calmness of a flowing stream
That filled, and then re-filled.
That thirst of soul for the diviner presence
Which would make him master
Of eternal kingdoms, not made by hands,
But which now burned before him as a spiritual light
Flooding his mind
With a rhythm of crying joy:—
Abba, Father, my Saviour, and my God!
The peace of the lake, the perfume of the flowers,
The deep quiet, unbroken except by convent bell,
All sang the sensuous song of ecstatic life.
Then o'er him, like a flood
Passed the memories of the years gone by.
Flying clouds they were
In which the intervening sun
Cast its sparkling light.
Dreams arose of all the days
Which had been his in the passing youth
Where expectant joy flowed like a fountain
In its restless impulses to expression.
Life at its high tide

Is maddening,—unresponsive to restraints;
The blood surges toward its speaking voice,
While all the laughter of hidden desires
Manifests itself in the wild echoings
Of an inner command to go forth to conquer.
What a fair world,—where hidden vanities
Would unfold themselves at every place of discovery.
Beauty was brooding over this fair world,
Waiting for eyes that would take its willing hand
And be led to its vistas of ravishment.
Yes, over there, at the misty isle
Was the tranquil joy of life
To which he might attain.
And in the sweetness of this world of holy purity
He could go in the simplicity of a boundless faith.
Men of all nations
Were in this white-faced monastery,
Speaking the one language of Christ's sacrifice
For them, and through his atonement, their salvation.
Yes, surely here he could learn the way
In which others, like him, had gone before
And made a glorious entry for themselves
Into the Kingdom of Heaven,
When the call came at the end of their sacrifice.
What more could beauty mean than this?
In its greatest expression it was the very face of God
Turning toward men.
Suddenly, within the vision of his eye,
From off the island shore,
In glint of sunlight's dancing beam,
A boat, containing monks,
With lifting oars
Now began its way to find
The mainland—
Toward the spot on which he stood
The point of boat
Was compassed, and trembling with desire
He waited patiently, and yet with prayer's urge
That soon he could be joined by them—
These men of God—with whom,
Though strangers, yet in common cause

He felt the claims of brotherhood.
And quick were they, with valiant oars
O'er tranquil face of lake
To reach the land on which he stood
Awaiting them.
Of garments torn, and bruised by Time's expose,
He had careless grown
Yet with his countenance of cheer and ruddy strength
He felt the pulse of youth
Surmounting all else that pride might hold within
To cause a sense of shame.
Approaching near the shore
One of them arose and lifted up a cross
Which hung attached about his neck
To golden chain suspended low to waist,
In token of the tranquil grace
With which they welcomed him.
To this he bowed, with lowly head
And made the sign
By which they felt assured:—
Then quickly to the shore approached—
All eager in the stranger's quest.
With grasping hands they welcomed him
And sought within the boat
A place wherewith he could bestow himself
In comfort, and as guest of monastery's hosts.
Now the rowers dipped again
In glint of sunlight's beam
And soon the island shore was reached
Where, on the high embowered bank,
A group awaited them.
As solace to his needs
Refreshment of eat and drink
Was given him;
Then the habit of a monk,
Newly made, and clean.
Such luxury was he a stranger to
And thankful grew
In words, and joy of countenance.
Soon to the cloister must he go
To tell his tale of wanderings

And seek, perchance, a refuge for the time
To choose his future way.
A youth called Dionysius,
Of an age in years like his,
Sat close to him with wonder in his eyes;
A Greek, now cast on Venetia's shores,
Had wandered on until he came
To Lombard lake of quiet calm and restfulness.
Born to Christ he was,
But yet the fleshly joys and fires still lived within.
In the stranger's face he found a hope
Which youth alone could give;
And within himself he vowed
A bond of friendship
Which dreamed of going forth
To face a world
In which their common welfare joined.
Now came the quiet twilight's gifts
Of rest, and calm repose
Where mind might find a flood serene
In which to bathe the thoughts of day
With tempered recollection.
Gradually silky veils are drawn across the sky
And mist arises from the over-heated earth;
Velvet mantles drape the distant outlines
Of the shores and mountain heights beyond.
The silver twinkle of the heavenly stars
Foretells the glory of a night
Which holds the promise of its youthful moon
To light the face of Lombard's tranquil lake.
In languid air the distant trees
Sleep motionless—Nature's eyes are closed
While man awaits the moonly torch
With which to find the way
His eyes are searching for.
To Dionysius came the thought
Of friendship's intercourse
When night would lend the chance
By which to weld the stranger's heart to his,
And so he said:—
“My boat awaits—let us search the lake;—

The nocturne of the dipping oars
Sounds sweetly in the quiet hush.”
So spent the hours until the belfry spoke
Of growing night, and sleep,
When monastery felt the flood of watching moon
And coming of the crimson dawn.
The solace of this scene of peace
Made restful dreams,
But in these dreams was born
A world of wonderment,
For in them God now marked his destined way.
In quiet of the slipping hours
An angel of the Almighty came to him,
Resplendent in the glory of the brightness of God,
And spoke to him with words which burned themselves
Into his soul:
The Lord God of the fathers
Commands me to say unto thee
That from this time forward
Thou’rt to be zealous in his work;
Much sorrow as a faithful servant
Of the Almighty shall be thine.
The power of miracles is bestowed upon thee,
And all men shall call thee by a new name:—
Sebald shall it be now, and forever.
Go forth into the world preaching my gospel,
And ministering unto the poor
That my Kingdom on Earth may be established.
Food and raiment shall my servant,
Dionysius, provide for thee
From this time forth.
As thou art my servant
So shall he be to thee,
For I have a great mission prepared
Which thou must fulfill.
Until the end has the way been foreseen
And thou hast found, through these years
Of self-sacrifice and devotion,
The true way of eternal life
Reserved for those who are willing to become
Poor for my sake;

Giving up the things in life
Which most men prize
But which to me are like babbling tongues,
Full of the vain-glory
Which leads but to destruction
And a forgotten grave.
Arise now, in the light of the newer day;
Gird thyself for the charge
I have bestowed upon thee
And go forth.
Thy steps, and those of thy servant, Dionysius,
Shall be guarded from on high.
Tarry where thine inner self tells thee to tarry
And go on the promptings of thy soul;
For thou shalt wax strong
In the work of my church.
And now, behold the brightness of the heavenly night
Awakened Sebald from his sleep,
And through the opened window of the monastery
The flooding light of the moon
Washed his face by its silver purity.
Unto the new day was born a new determination
And girding himself for a journey
To the unknown world of another people,
He made haste to command Dionysius
To prepare his boat
That the mainland might again be made
The place of advent.
Farewells said to the kindly hearts of monks
Whose guest he had been,
And together they left the place of delight
Ne'er again to see its sensuous shores.
Wandering on through the unknown pathways
They made their way,
Trusting to the guiding hand of Divinity
To bring them as with a compass true,
Unto the chosen places of accomplishment.
Rivers and plains must they cross
And mountain passes,
With snows and cold severe,
But ever onward,

Like a star of the firmament finding its course.
And now came to Sebald
The sense of a heavenly presence
As though guided and guarded by angels.
To him came the recollection
Of the prophets of old :
How the steps of these unknown visitants
Kept pace with theirs,
And they felt the strength of this great presence
By which they might have faith
To remove the mountains of difficulties
Which lay in their path.
The doubts of the heathen of Lombardy
Were his to contest,
And soon the fame of his convincing tongue
Spread far and wide,
So that multitudes came to hear him speak
The message of Divinity.
Many of those who first felt a faith in Christ
At this eloquent tongue
Said to one another :
"Indeed, the angels are with him,
Holding up his arms
That he may have strength to go forward
With his wonderful work."
'Twas thus his faith grew to miracles
By which he turned to God's account
Many who needed such an evidence of holy power.
In Dionysius there still dwelt the lust of flesh.
Faithful to Sebald was he,
But in the weakness of a moment
He drank the wine reserved for sick and poor,
And in a sense of shame
Concealed the truth from Sebald.
To his surprise he found his jug re-filled,
As if by magic power.
And by it then he knew that from Sebald nothing could be hid.
In Sebald dwelt no meanness,—
Returning good for ill was his intent.
A scoffer, bearding him, felt the opening ground
Underneath his feet, and sinking to his neck,

Forgot to scoff, and pleaded to be saved.
Sebald, reaching forth his hand, released him
From his grave—a Christian made—
To spread the marvelous fame.
And now, too soon, his Lombard work was done.
The voice within had conjured him
To further go to distant lands
The mission to fulfill.
Beyond the Danube,
Into Germany,
Carrying the cross, and the holy symbols
To the people of the North.
With neither bridge nor boat
The Danube lay before him,
And with simple prayer the answer
"Spread forth your cloak
And upon it stand
Until the southern wind
Has wafted you across to further shore;
For there beyond you lie Franconia's fields
In which to tarry long."
These simple peasant folk
Were made to feel the power of God
Through miracles which spread the fame
Of Sebald everywhere.
A costly glass containing wine was handed him
And when returned
Fell to the ground, broken in a thousand bits.
Sebald touched them,
And to the peasant's glad surprise
He found his precious glass
Restored, and whole again.
Then passing on to another day
He solved the trifling problems of its hours.
Lost oxen strayed in forest's depths,—
Sebald's pointing finger
Shone with directing sparks
The restoration way;
A churlish peasant
At whose hut he paused one winter's day
Refused to make for him a fire.

At Sebald's quest he went outside—
Icicles hanging from the cottage roof
To fetch—
These flame at Sebald's magic touch,
And host and guest alike
Were filled with genial warmth.
Thus the years passed by,
Until his name and fame
Broadcast, spread themselves
Throughout the land.
To Nürnberg the inner vision
Directed him,
There to make his final stand;
A centre from which could circle forth
The churchly hosts at Christ's command.
Hard work and fasting brought him
More than once
To face life's eternal way
Through which the recompense should come,
But in the strength of Christ
He labored on,
Nor all the conflicts of the tiring strife
Could master him
Until his day.
No greater zeal than his
Could man have shown
Until life's eventide was come.
Thus lived and died
This saint of God,
And as he passed beyond,
To those about he said:
"God's will be done;
My resting place
Shall be as He directs.
Place my bier on wheels
With unbroken oxen yoked;
Where they go let my body rest."
Thus to St. Peter's chapel
Their guided feet
Took him to his burial place.

Now after many years
A great church uprises.
In majesty it is the glory of the time.
Centuries pass slowly o'er its head
Unnoticed,
Save as the men of the newer generation
Add to the glory of its name.
St. Sebald's church it is called,
And in its crypt
Lie guarded the bones of its patron
Whose marvelous life and work
For the glory of God
Gave honor—both in name and deed.
The weaver of Time
Has set the warp and woof
Of its thousand years
On the garment of a growing world.
The wanderer of any clime
May feel the cooling breath of the centuries
In its quiet aisles
As he walks slowly to the golden altar.
The incense of the ages
Floats in undying remembrance.
Of all the historic years
Which have come and gone.
But the glory of a great name
Lingers in the dust of the thousand footsteps
Which have worn the stone of its floors
To venerable softness.

God speaks today as he did
To St. Sebald of old,
Yet in another language;
Times have changed
And God has changed with them.
He grows through His own acts
Like a man on the voyage of life.
No more the eternal and unchangeable
But now as man has grown
So God has grown with him.
As man was first made in the image of God

And grows, so God must grow
To keep faith with the image.
As the centuries roll themselves away
The glory of God
Becomes more a thing of grace and beauty;
All the world takes on the vestiture
Of a regal youth—
The eternal youth who ne'er grows old, nor changes,
For the smile of a never ceasing sun
Shines in his faith,
And there is no night there.
The memory of St. Sebald, too,
Fades not, nor changes
As the years pass on.
The thought of a great soul of constancy
Illumines,
To quicken the feet of winged ideals
To the mountain top
Where the glory of the heavens may be drunk to a fullness.

A NOCTURNE OF QUIETUDE

I like to think of a story told—
A day that has passed,
Where silence comes
As compassion sits on waters
Of tranquil quietude.
A voiceless nocturne
Sounding melodious on the ear of mind,
Where a requiem
Of the beautiful peace of death
Sinks into the memory,
As the twilight trembles
And slips away to the arms of Night.

The heartblood of the lost day
Lingers on the face of the rising moon
As if it longed to speak
Another word of hope—
To tell the cheerless sea,

Grown cold and friendless,
Of the coming dawn
Wherein a world might laugh again.
Sombre Night would wrap its arms about—
Then flee to dissipate its gloom,
And leave a restful calm
Of hope.

O, quiet peace of Nature,
Where the tired heart rests
In the kiss of the silvery moon.
Drowsy lullabies float
On the little waves

That hug the brooding shores.
The softness of sleep grows
With the rising moon
Until the unconscious breath of life
Feels the depths of its dreams
In the stillness of a Universe
That awaits in complaisance the master's word.

Southampton Water
J. A. McNeill Whistler
The Art Institute

THE GROWING DAWN

PREFACE

The book which Annette had just finished at the opening of the Play is Henry James' delightful novelette: "*M'lle de Bergerac*." Of course a type of the American bourgeois like Annette is disappointed because MARIE did not marry M. LE VICOMTE and his money, but preferred the poor school teacher, COQUELIN, who seems like our RICHARD MANSFIELD.

It is seldom there is much in common these later days in America between love and poverty, where the girl has been brought up in affluence and without the drudgery of housework, unless the question of Art intervenes. In that case the artist will overlook, as a rule, the mean things of life, because they do not, and never have been thought a burden. Mere existence, and how to exist is not the most important question to an artist. If he starves most of the time, well and good—he feeds on more vital things.

And this is the case with the one per cent of whom ROGER seems so fond: redemption comes to them through creation. A thing of beauty is of more joy than transient property, or abundance of clothes and bread. It is the old Christ saying again, that "Life consisteth not in the abundance of things possessed."

I do not claim for this Play that it is a presentment of real dialogues—that would be impossible under existing conditions—it is more of a dream of what might be, and what was once as late as the mid-Victorian Age, before the everlasting problem of possession, and wealth seeking had taken hold of and fascinated the mind of what we call Western Civilization.

The Growing Dawn is typical to me of a veritable Garden of Eden which might come to a world which is now ninety-nine per cent of some, and one per cent of others.

June 3rd, 1922.

"THE GROWING DAWN"

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

Dedicated to LILLIAN HILLER UDELL

Whose Eyes of Mind See The Growing Dawn.

CHARACTERS

PAUL BALDWIN—About 45, a good business man.

HELENA BALDWIN (*his wife*)—A little younger—in Society.

ROGER BALDWIN (*the son*)—About 20, rather observing and impressionable.

ANNETTE WILSHIRE—Younger sister of Helena, about 25, living with the Baldwins, good looking, vivacious, learning the ways of the world.

LENOX CRAIG—Friend of Annette, getting on in the world and thinking of marriage.

RICHARD MANSFIELD—Tutor of Roger, about 25.

JEROME HUNT—A Painter, has done good work and made a name.

FRITZ VON LIEBKNECHT—A musician absorbed in the classical, can dream at the piano endlessly.

PLACE AND TIME, CHICAGO, 1922.

After the World has been saved for Democracy.

ACT I.

In the evening at the home of the Baldwins, family seated around living room, well furnished, piano, victrola, book cases containing sets of standard authors, a few pictures of indifferent subjects; magazines and papers of the conventional type which advertisers seek. Annette reading the last pages of a novel Paul Baldwin smoking and reading the evening paper; Roger showing his mother a book of sketches by Whistler; Annette finishes her book and closes it with a sigh of annoyance.

ANNETTE:—I am thoroughly disgusted with that girl, growing up to an opportunity and when it comes, deliberately and recklessly throwing it away. I certainly cannot appreciate such motives. Why must one love out of one's class? Love is at best short-lived—and then to think of the undying years which follow—with only poverty and misery to laugh at you for your folly. No, no, never for me.

HELENA:—Well, Annette, is it a case of bad dreams? I thought your intense interest in the story was because of appreciation—you have not been alive to anything for a day or two, since you got hold of that book. What is it all about?

ANNETTE:—Well, it started out all right, and I had great hopes that the right persons would be mated to live together happily forever after—but the girl's obstinacy—bah! for a poor girl with a high name to throw herself away on mere intellect and moral worth without a name—I can't see it. Well, she paid for it in the end—three children, scarcely enough to eat and clothe herself with, all her life, and then an ignominious death for herself and her beloved. All that may suit some romantic girls—but not for me. When I marry I will have everything with my love, or else mere love may hang itself on the doorstep and wait.

MR. BALDWIN (*Looking up from his paper*):—Tut, tut, Annette, I know your particular heart too well, and woman's heart in general well enough to venture that when your fate comes it will be as a flying arrow, and the love pain it brings will cause you to forget all of your rules of order. You can not deny this little god, when he makes you his special mission, and he will put all your resolutions to sleep with the power of his illusions. The beggar will seem the prince to you, if only your heart has been pierced, as undoubtedly the heart of your

heroine of the book was. I venture to predict that the man you will separate apart from all the others in the wide world, as your adorable hero, will be opposite as the poles of the hemisphere from the one you are playing your fancy with just at the present moment.

HELENA:—Why, Paul, how can you put such a suggestion in Annette's head? Your type of man is without our circle. Of course we admire ability and steadfastness of purpose, but not the old-fashioned kind. What is life worth today without the means to enjoy it—to travel and see things, to live along with others like us—have money to spend. How, indeed, could the poor exist at all if the rich did not spend their wealth to give them occupation—and how necessary that there be the rich to support charities, and relieve suffering everywhere. We must be one thing or the other, and I choose—and I think Annette does—to be one of the few who can be guardians of the great army of the helpless who live and die their simple lives in the generosity of those more favored by the good things of the world. We certainly cannot help it if we find ourselves born into this world—where law has safeguarded our rights of inheritance, and will preserve our accumulations for succeeding generations. There is no right as sacred, and it is justified by the sanction of all the centuries which have come and gone in its upbuilding.

PAUL:—O, I agree with you entirely, Helena. I am sure we all admit the superiority of possession. It indicates thrift and thoughtfulness. I simply intended to warn Annette that, somehow or other in the affairs of the heart, love does not take cognizance of these exterior circumstances. Unless one is on guard, with the arrows flying all about, there may be an unexpected complication. I know how really weak the will is in questions of the heart. To me it is fortunate that the present civilization calls for a relaxation of those rigid marriage laws of our forefathers that seemed to doom the unhappily married to lifelong misery. Not that I believe these sacred ties should be too easily loosed—but there must be a loophole of escape for the impossible.

ROGER (*To whom the foregoing conversation has been a void*):—You know, mother, these sketches of Whistler make me wish to be an artist. Do you think I could ever draw like this? Of late it seems I have before me in my mind pictures of

things—pictures all the time. I dreamed only last night that I was in some great art gallery, and I came and stood before a picture to which my own name was signed—and it had the prize ribbon pinned to it. What a hero I felt myself to be! And every one was passing it with admiration. What exultation for me to stand there and hear them say: “That was done by young Baldwin, a mere boy, you know. What a prophecy of greatness for him in the future.” I began to feel, mother, the joy of any life that can create beautiful things, and I believe there is something in me that makes it possible to realize these dreams. I suppose that you and father wish me to become a business man, and follow in the footsteps, but somehow I feel uneasy, and as though I should grow to hate the things which go with a business career. The more I see and read of what most men are interested in, the more I think of the past and the things really worth while which it has produced. I have the feeling sometimes that some of my ancestors, back in England, were artists—or at least loved Art. I think I have heard you say that your grandfather was a friend of John Ruskin and William Morris, and was interested in the coterie of young men who formed a group—very much criticized at first—who signed themselves the P R B and whose ideals persisted until they won recognition and renown everywhere. I would like to be a young man and an artist like Holman-Hunt, or Millais or Rossetti, on the same wide sea of creative endeavor, rather than stunt myself in a counting-house or place of merchandising. This may all seem strange and unreasonable to you, mother, but I can’t help it. There is something growing within me which turns my desire to this other life that now seems almost dead to a world immersed in the commercialism of growing empires.

HELENA:—Why, Roger, you almost take my breath away; I have observed your moods of silence and thoughtfulness lately, but I was at a loss to understand them. This, then, is why you have sought such strange companionships, read such unusual books, and at times asked questions which seemed enigmas to your father and me. I, too, have a love for the past and its traditions, but can see the danger of these modern ideas which seem to strive to bring a conflict between the elements of society, and can lead to but one thing. You must know, or at least you will find it out, that those who are called radicals in every

avocation of life are bent on destroying the old which you say you revere, and establishing something new and different. It is dangerous to the social system in which we mingle and are respected members. Don't, for the sake of our good name, imbibe any of these destructive ideas—things which pull down, but put nothing worth while in the place of the old. For generations our family name has been respected as representing the solid, substantial elements in the neighborhood of which it has been a part. The integrity of its standing has been unquestioned. It has done its share to support loyally the government, and the church, and in all things it has kept aloof from notoriety and sensationalism. I have thought of you always as my well-beloved and only son who would go on in these traditions that your father and I might feel our lives had kept the faith with the established order. Please do not, for our sakes, allow yourself to be led away.

ROGER (*absent mindedly*):—See, mother, it is spring. The lilacs are all aflame. There is something in them that must come out—some beauty that has been hidden within themselves and now seeks expression. I feel it, too, within me, and with the spring there is the mounting pulse (*getting up from his chair in his rising enthusiasm*) O, the joy of it! The knowing that one may take beauty out of the unknown and give it expression. I care not for all the things at which men seem to grasp—all are sordid, not worth the effort. Give me the power to draw one beautiful flower, or paint one human face, and I will be content, for therein I know, young as I am, lies the only happiness.

PAUL, HELENA AND ANNETTE (*in one breath*)—Roger! What is possessing you? Are you crazy?

ROGER (*looking away from them*):—No, no, you don't understand—you can't understand. That is the misfortune of it all: to know that I have within me the richest, rarest treasure of life—and then to feel how hopeless it all is to you—you who are nearest to me—you who love me—and yet, who cannot understand.

PAUL:—My son, some evil influence has come into your life of which we are all ignorant. You must know that your mother and I are counting on you; we shall soon be in the relaxing years and it's you upon whom the responsibilities must fall. You know what these artists are, men and women living

irregular lives, many of them lacking respectability, without which our social structure cannot endure. If the ideals of Art are so beautiful why do they not influence the lives of the artists? I cannot reconcile the situation, and our pastor in his sermon last Sunday made note of the decay of the standards in American life due undoubtedly to the loose personalities of actors and artists. While our country is forging ahead everywhere in its business development, bringing the blessings of religion and civilization to every faraway land, becoming a guardian in fact to the untold millions who are living in darkness and ignorance, we should at least lead consistent lives, if only for the example it gives them. Look at Haiti, San Domingo, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Central America, Liberia, and all the Colonies of England. The English speaking nations have thrown the benefit of their protection around them and as soon as they have eyes to see they will realize that great human influences toward brotherhood are guiding these two world empires, undoubtedly carrying forward some divine purpose of which we cannot know. Come now, boy, forget these things and be yourself again. Be a true American, and follow the flag.

ROGER:—Somehow I cannot feel the reality of all this; I have heard it said, after the armistice was declared and the war at an end, that the whole horrible catastrophe was a fight between nations for commercial supremacy. It was our young lives which were put up, not willingly, but by conscription, that one side or the other should have the supremacy. I can never forget or forgive the men who are responsible for this. Fourteen millions of young men like me, father, who will never come back again. These have paid the price. I cannot follow such flags, for I know where they lead—and why they are leading. The world has not yet seen the end, for the hatreds of one nation for another were never as great as now, but I know this: That the love of beautiful things has never borne such fruit, and therefore I shall strive with all the power that in me lies to live away from the insidiousness of this great poison. St. George never had such a dragon to fight as humanity has today. For brother is set against brother that the insolence of wealth may be the greater conqueror.

ANNETTE:—I believe you have been reading my book. You talk and rave just as the man did who had such a horrible

fascination for my heroine. I am disgusted with you, as I was with the book.

HELENA:—Roger, you are breaking my heart. Just to think—after all these years. I know you will do something terrible to bring scandal on our good names and reputations.

ROGER:—I never again can lead what people call “a respectable life”—it stifles me—just as if all life was cast in a mold and could not run for itself where it willed. Sometimes I feel the fires within me so hot that I cannot rest—burning the dross away—making my mind clear of these cobwebs of convention. Away with it all! From this time forth I will be myself, and live my own life. O, the sweetness of freedom; to know that the manacles are gone—that I may follow my Mentor.

HELENA:—Yes, Roger, your Mentor is a diseased conscience,—distorted by some unhallowed influence. You will have your fling, and in the consuming fires you are talking about you will find that life will burn itself back again to the old standards. I cannot break your will, but I shall wait patiently for this disease to wear itself out, and then our old Roger will come back to us. Goodnight, my boy. Come, father, let us go for the night. (*Paul and Helena leave, the latter kissing Roger good-night.*)

ROGER:—Goodnight, mother; I shall dream of Jean d’Arc and her white banner. The Voices, too, whispered within her, and nothing ever after could withstand her will to answer their demands. I feel this same spirit within my soul—and it will never die.

ANNETTE:—Roger, you are a funny boy.

ROGER:—I am no longer a boy—I have become a serious man.

ANNETTE:—Why waste your years on problems? I hate people with problems.

ROGER:—I have observed that is the case with almost every one of late. Why is there such a spirit of restlessness? Has life lost something which it had before the war?

ANNETTE:—Why, life seems more interesting now—we have a world to reconstruct. The war was the one thing necessary to prepare a way for better things.

ROGER:—Then tell me the reason of this distrust of one nation for another. Why, especially, do we fail to find our old friend and ally—Russia, *persona non grata*?

ANNETTE:—Yes, there you are; you commence to defend that horrible lot of men who wish to divide the property of those who have it, with those who haven't.

ROGER:—Well, you are a Christian; tell me the difference between what they are after, and what Christ taught?

ANNETTE:—O, that is different; the disciples of Christ were all poor men, and He only asked them to share alike. He would not have asked a wealthy church to have done this. Besides, did He not say: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's"? You must recognize the great difference which twenty centuries have made. Then there was no industrial world and He was speaking only of conditions which existed. The history of the Greeks before Him reveals that fact most potently—a few only were the real people—the others, the mass as we say—were slaves and followers.

ROGER:—But what about our own government? It is said that all men are created free, and with an equal opportunity. Are they?

ANNETTE:—Yes, it all depends upon the person. If one works hard and saves he can become wealthy; and then wealth secures any position he desires in life. Americans are a striking example of thrift.

ROGER:—Can any one become president of the United States?

ANNETTE:—Why, certainly; why not?

ROGER:—Could a negro, an indian, a Roman Catholic, a foreign born, a jew or an infidel, a woman, a poet, or a musician,—only a Poland, or a Budapest would be guilty of those last.

ANNETTE:—How absurd! How can you be so foolish and extreme. You know they are not the kind of people presidents have been made of. They are not like us.

ROGER:—Yet they count as three-fourths of us. Tell me, Annette, do you think presidents are created nowadays for what they are of themselves, or for what they represent.

ANNETTE:—I don't know what you mean, but I do know they are high types of religious men and sincerely try to represent the people. Does not each of them before he is elected de-

clare his love for the bible and the newspapers always tell what church he regularly attends, and how devoted he is to the principles of American liberty. How can such a man go very far wrong?

ROGER:—Did you ever hear of a man named Eugene Debs?

ANNETTE:—No, I never did. Why do you ask?

ROGER:—I never knew about him until lately. It seems he was opposed to the war, and said it was brutal to send our young men off to some foreign country to be killed or maimed against their wills. For this he was arrested and sent to the Federal prison at Atlanta and kept there for several years. He has always been a friend of the common people, and at one time he was their candidate for president, and received a million votes. He is a gentle, Christ-like character who loves his fellow men, and who has spent all his life seeking human brotherhood. It did not seem right that long after the war was over he should be kept in prison with what we call ordinary criminals and felons, when he simply tried to be faithful to the teachings of Christ. But it was only the other day, and largely because his health had completely broken down that they let him out to go home to his wife—probably to die.

ANNETTE:—Well, it served him right; all such talk and actions lead only to disrespect for the law, and if we are to continue as a nation we must have law enforcers and law obeyers, or we shall be no better than the people of Russia. We live for ourselves—in our own way—which we believe to be the best. If other people decide to do differently—let them—it is their privilege.

ROGER:—Is that the reason we send missionaries to what we call the heathen lands? They have their religion—why interfere?

ANNETTE:—O, well, that is another affair. We know our religion is the only true one, and must prevail. Besides, it is our duty to convert these heathen. It makes more business for us if they become civilized, and need the same things we need.

ROGER:—Well, that may be good logic for us, but I suspect the missionaries are not educated up to this view of their usefulness.

ANNETTE:—No, they are sincere, earnest people who devote their lives to a sacred cause. I don't think I would wish

to marry one of them, though. I would rather stay at home and support them. Some of us must do this, of course.

(Telephone rings and Roger answers.)

ROGER:—It is Lenox, Annette, just returned to the city from a business trip. He wishes to speak to you.

(Annette goes to the phone which is in a closet and after a moment returns, during which time Roger lights a cigarette and stands looking again at his Whistler book.)

ANNETTE:—Lenox is such a fine fellow, he is just alive to his work. You know he has been taken in as a junior partner in his law firm which does such a lot of work for our big corporations. I am sure he will achieve a great career. He asked me if he could call tomorrow evening. I hope you will meet him—he is my ideal of what a young man should be, and I would be glad to have you know him better.

ROGER:—Yes, Annette, I shall be pleased to do so. *(Going to window and looking out.)* What a beautiful night it is! Stars, and moon, and quite warm for spring. Come with me for a little—out into the garden where we can see the sleeping flowers, and Orion slipping away in the west that Arcturus may come with her bouquets of summer's warmth. Nature tells such a wonderful story to me. I feel my own insignificance in its grandeur. The eyes of the stars are like a great god watching his handiwork, and finding it is good. Come, Annette, just for a little while—your dreams will be made fragrant by the sweet odors of night.

(They pass out together.)

CURTAIN

ACT II.

(Scene same as Act I, the following evening; family engaged in reading and conversation; Roger listening to the Liebestraum record that he has placed in the victrola.)

ROGER:—Annette, is there not something in the Liebestraum which stirs your young heart? I am preparing you for your caller—he may be looking for a lover, and this, I am sure, will put you in a responsive mood.

ANNETTE:—How absurd, you young rascal! Just because you had me out under your stars last night you think I'm romantic and susceptible.

ROGER:—Well, Annette, I have some hopes of you. If I can only get your heart in action I shall believe there are possibilities. I am a propagandist—a thorough one now, and will not be satisfied until I shatter at least some of your conventionalities.

HELENA (*Embroidering and taking in the music and chatter of the young people*):—Roger, I am ashamed of you. Annette is old enough now to decide things for herself without any invidious persuasion on your part. You may get there yourself some day—although I begin to think you are hopeless.

ROGER:—I must say, mother, the subject of marriage does not trouble my dreams very much. All the society girls I know use it by which to climb a ladder, and the worth-while girls in my set are too busy.

ANNETTE:—“Your set?” What do you mean by “your set”? I suppose that tutor of yours has been putting you up to this kind of talk. I have had my suspicions of him now for some time. I think I can see the cause of your downfall. All of these preposterous ideas you have voiced lately seem to originate from about the time he started to teach you. I suppose he has been taking you out evenings, too,—no one knows where—but I suspect to some of these bohemian dens of vice on the lower North Side. I have heard about them—where the girls and boys sit around and smoke cigarettes, and talk art, and the revolution. It is enough to disgust any respectable person to know that such things are tolerated—not to say found attractive by those of good families.

HELENA:—Is this true, Roger? Have you been doing this without letting your mother know? I employed Mr. Mansfield to cultivate your mind,—not plant weeds in it.

ROGER:—Well, I am not ashamed to tell you what I have been doing,—I did not do so because I knew you would not understand. There are two kinds of people in the world it is said—ninety-nine per cent of one and one per cent of the other. I have found that I am congenial with the one per cent, and when one finds this out he becomes a part of it, and loses caste with the others. Inasmuch as self-respect is a large part of his makeup he simply goes along with his possession and, as an artist

in thought at least, knows himself and what real life is. Of course you have not read Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemma," but if you had you would place a wreath on the grave of Louis Dubedat.

ANNETTE:—Yes, Bernard Shaw—he is another of those corrupters of youth. I never see his likeness but I think of the devil. Certainly he is the devil's disciple. I think, Roger, you are hopeless, if you have fallen into that man's clutches. Now that you mention him I can see his echoes in many things about which you have talked lately.

ROGER:—Well, he certainly stirs up one's dusty mind. I wish every young American could read his plays.

ANNETTE:—Mere platitudes—just to pose as a sensationalist. He is like that man Ibsen, who did the same thing and got himself disliked by all sensible and really scholarly people. Strindberg and his following have done more to upset the minds of our youth than any other modern influence, and Arthur Schnitzler is impossible. Look at that German Nietzsche—the brute—no wonder the Kaiser thought he was called of God to run things. By their fruits ye shall know them. You will find out some day, Roger, how mistaken you are in your leadership. As for me I am satisfied to let William Jennings Bryan and Mr. Rockefeller run things—they know how—and will save our nation from such anarchists.

ROGER:—Well, I confess that the ninety-nine per cent have a strong pull. They say that the Saturday Evening Post and the Ladies Home Journal are the molds which "can" the thought of the American people. Now we have Mother's Day and Poppy Day, and all kinds of Tag Days to catch the unwary. I suppose pretty soon they will think of poor Father, and have a day for him. The long-suffering beast that he is! I feel for my own father—I know he is so complaisant and docile. I would like to hear him talk with one of our artistic girls for a few minutes, to let him see what a back-number he is.

PAUL:—What is that, Roger? Are you talking carelessly about your progenitor behind his back? Don't forget he knew all about these cigarette girls when he was young, but he doesn't remember that they talked about philosophy and art.

HELENA:—Paul, you and Roger are disturbers of the peace. I believe you sympathize with the boy and are laughing in your sleeve at his vagaries. You may be sorry for it, for

the disease he has is different from the one you had. His goes to the soul of things—yours was “wild oats.” I am sure most men are farmers when they are very young, but Roger is what he calls “spiritual,” and it requires a very different doctor to cure that.

ANNETTE:—It is about time for Lenox to come. I hope you will not advance any of your absurd theories, Roger, in his presence—he might upset some of them. He is a lawyer, you know.

HELENA:—No, Roger, for gracious sake talk sense. He is Annette’s friend, and you have no right to create false impressions on her account.

ROGER:—I will be good—if I can.

(Bell is heard ringing distantly, and maid ushers in Lenox Craig. All rise to greet him and evince pleasure at his call.)

LENOX:—It is indeed a pleasure to meet you all again. Annette, how well you look! Have you been motoring in the country, or passing a few weeks at French Lick? I have been away so long that I am really a valuable critic of your looks.

ANNETTE:—You have been away a long time Lenox. It must be since Christmas. I think we last met about the holiday time.

LENOX:—Yes, I think it was. Shortly after, my firm was retained to defend the American Coal Company in some labor cases in West Virginia, and the job was assigned to me; so I have had about three months of rustivating in the hills. Marvelous country! Between times I took little runs down to Asheville to have some golf at the Grove Park Inn. This was indeed a pleasant break in the miserable work I had to do. These miners are quite impossible you know;—such extraordinary demands—one would think they owned the mines themselves instead of our company. Well, we soon showed them their place, and they are now all back at work at the old prices.

ROGER:—What was the trouble, Lenox?

LENOX:—The old one of forming unions, which we will not tolerate in the free State of West Virginia. The American Coal Company has pursued the “hands off” policy for many years—ever since the question of unions came up—and it has insisted, as it has a right to do, that it shall run its own business in its own way and not be dictated to by the employes. These foreigners come to this country and are not satisfied with the

liberties they enjoy under our government, but like any one else—if they are given some rights they never had before they want a lot more. Well, we simply shut down and starved them out; then they had to come back at the old price and it taught them a good lesson. Our company has its own stores at which they must buy their supplies, and owns the houses in which they live, and when we shut off their groceries, and commenced to evict them and their families,—this was more than they could stand. We didn't lose anything, you may be sure, for when there was a shortage of coal because of the strike we raised the price of what we had in reserve and the public "paid the freight."

ROGER:—That was good business, wasn't it? How very clever these good business concerns are. I suppose they consider labor the same as any other commodity, and treat it accordingly. Did you have much unrest and disturbance during the shut-down?

LENOX:—O, yes, but the governor sent the state troops as soon as we asked him, and we also had a small army of guards which are used by different companies at times of troubles of this kind. Labor has got to learn its place. We must respect the law in this country—above all that is the one thing for which this nation stands. We will see to it, however, that the laws are made intelligently, and for the best interests of those who ought to control things.

ROGER:—Is it easy to do this?

LENOX:—Certainly; the Associations of Commerce all over the country, who are made up of our best business men, see to that. It does not make any difference whether or not a man is a Republican, or a Democrat, as long as he is "right" otherwise; in fact, it keeps things better regulated where the parties in power are evenly balanced; their differences nowadays are more apparent than real.

ROGER:—I am greatly interested in what you say. Tell me, how is this thing arranged. For instance, how was it decided at the last presidential convention as to whom to select as a candidate? The man nominated and elected was not one who had been prominently mentioned.

LENOX:—Oh, that is simple to those of us who know what goes on behind the scenes. Of course you have heard of Wall street, and know what it signifies.

ROGER:—Well, I am young, and have not had much experience; I expect father knows—don't you, father?

PAUL:—O, yes, Wall street is like the great wall about China—it tells you what your limitations are. It is a good thermometer on the price of oil, and other things, and plays world politics magnificently.

LENOX:—Well, Wall street is the “Josh” for a coterie of big bankers who have controlling ownership in every large Bank, Industrial Corporation, Mine and Railroad in the Country. Of course in order to “carry on” these must control legislation. This is done through the great law firms whose influence in politics extends everywhere so that the proper and acceptable persons are elected as representatives of the voters. The voters, of course, have little or nothing to say, but it makes on the face of it, good democracy. Of course, the press is all under the control in one way or another, of this same great interest which holds in subjection all of the other avenues of public expression, like the magazines, movies, pulpits and Press Associations. You can see, therefore, how easy it is to decide who shall be president of the United States, and what he shall do after he is elected.

ROGER:—Well, well, this is all very interesting. I don't think many boys when they finish school, realize that this is the kind of world they are stepping into. It all seems so different from the histories which we have studied. Didn't it all appear unreal to you, Lenox, when you were graduated from school into the business world?

LENOX:—O, yes, of course; one must get used to these modern methods. But things are not what they formerly were. We take the philosopher's advice now and make the shortest cut to get what we want. That is evidence of the practical nature of the American business mind.

ROGER:—Then the idealism of youth does not count as an asset in a business man's life?

LENOX:—No; theories are fine teachings—but the application must be a practical one.

ROGER:—I do not think I shall ever become a business man. Somehow there does not seem to be any room there for the dreamer—and that is what I am. Sometimes when I look out into the great world I see dream people all about me who act as though they felt the enthusiasm of the olden days of Greece: beauty was the one standard by which the Greeks found

their values. The love of learning and knowing things was their inspiration, and when one among them could surpass in the expression of his imagination, through poetry or the arts, he was set apart as a leader and benefactor. It seems to me that idealism is evolution set to music and poetry—where the beautiful in life becomes the supreme value.

ANNETTE:—That last expression of yours, Roger, sounds like Oscar Wilde. I suppose he is one of your patron saints just now. I noticed you had been reading very lately “Lady Windermere’s Fan,”—digging into it as though it were filled with gold. I always think of Wilde as the man who talked of nothing but asphodels and amethysts, and signified his personality by wearing a chrysanthemum—or was it a daisy—in his buttonhole. Such men should be put to hard labor.

ROGER:—Well, he was once, and when in jail wrote one of the finest poems in the English language. However, your speaking of him makes me think that I am rehearsing this evening for the part of Cecil Graham in his “Lady Windermere’s Fan” and that I must beg to be excused now to join the company. I did not tell you of this before because I thought you might not understand. We play in a little theatre up on North Clark street—behind a bookstore—Mr. Mansfield told me about it. He goes there quite often, and I found it not only interesting, but the players to be really quite clever. I have learned many things for which the one per cent really stand and they seem to suit dreamers like me. Goodnight, I am sorry I must go—our talk has been most illuminating. (Goes out.)

PAUL:—Helena, it is now nearly nine o’clock; you remember we have spoken about “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse” and what a rage it has been with every one—I am ashamed that we have not seen the picture. Let us go before the opportunity is lost of our ever seeing it. We can just make it now if we hurry along. Get on your wraps and I will call the motor.

HELENA:—I shall be delighted, Paul; I have heard so many speak of the wonderful scenes. Yes, let us go. Annette, can you and Lenox excuse us, and will you find a way to pass the time by yourselves, Lenox? (*Extending her hand to him as he has risen.*) I hope we shall see you often now that you are back in Chicago.

LENOX:—Yes, Mrs. Baldwin, I know of no place more enticing than your home.

PAUL AND HELENA:—Goodnight.

LENOX:—Well, this is more luck than I had dreamed of.

ANNETTE:—How so, Lenox, what meanest thou?

LENOX:—To be alone with you—entirely alone.

ANNETTE:—And is that such a remarkable thing? I hope you have a lot to tell me about the great, wide world. How little we girls who are cloistered at home know about things;—but you men, you go everywhere, and see, and do things. Do you suppose a woman will ever be free to follow her own life as she really would like to do?

LENOX (*Getting up and walking around nervously*):—Woman was not made to face the world and its vexations—that is a man's job; and every real man who is chivalrous by nature will make a woman's burdens as light as possible. Love of man for a woman is a big thing, Annette, I have been thinking about it a great deal lately. The past three months, since I have been away from Chicago, the need of something more in my life has haunted me day and night, and I have been impatient for the time to pass that I might return again.

ANNETTE:—Why, Lenox, how restless you are; why do you keep walking about the room? Tell me what is troubling you?

LENOX (*Stopping before her and looking into her face intently*):—Annette, if I was facing the jury in a court to plead for my client I would be self-possessed, know my arguments thoroughly, make my appeal eloquently and feel satisfied that I would win my case—but now I stammer, and hesitate. I had everything to say to you when I came here this evening—now I have nothing. Annette, what shall I say? I love you, I have felt something more than friendship for a long while, but was not sure of myself until I went away and realized the great void in my life. I have come back to tell you of it, and to ask you to become my wife. Annette, don't look at me so; may I hope? (*Getting down on one knee before her and taking her hand.*)

ANNETTE:—You must realize that this is a great surprise to me, Lenox; I don't know what to say. What does a young girl say when she is brought face to face with her fate?

LENOX:—Dearest, what does your heart say? Let me plead my case,—I feel sure you will not turn me away. I realize that I may not meet your ideals, but I offer you my

life and love—my determination to live and work for your happiness. I am sure that I shall succeed, for I have youth, and health, and every prospect of success in business—with you I can do anything. If I only know I have your love there is nothing that shall be impossible. Say that you love me, Annette; it will be the sweetest word I have ever heard—without it I shall be miserable, for you are the only one in the wide world for whom I could ever feel in this way.

ANNETTE:—You touch me deeply, Lenox, this all seems such a solemn thing—it all means such a great change—everything will be different. If I only thought that everything would be all right. Does love last forever? It all seems so beautiful now—just like the spring—but I know the spring commences to die as soon as it is born. Is love like that? If I thought so I would wish to die, Lenox. I want love, and such love as will dedicate my whole life to the one it is bestowed upon. Does not married life become commonplace by taking too much for granted? Is there not something about its intimacies that creates irritations and misunderstandings? Do lovers become less patient with one another, less careful about appearances—less tolerant of their differences? I am afraid of a future which binds two people together “until death does them part.” Tell me, Lenox, have you thought of all these things?

LENOX:—Oh, what’s the use, Annette—all I know is that I love you, and shall always love you. The future has no problems for me—trust me, dearest, I will give you the devotion of a lifetime.

ANNETTE:—Well, Lenox, I will trust you; I believe you to be the sincerest, finest man in the whole world—I feel proud to say “Yes.” Kiss me, Lenox, I love you too. (*He rises, and puts his arms around her, and kisses her.*)

LENOX:—You have made me very proud and happy, Annette, I thought you might like me only as a friend, and I was so afraid, but now—the joy of it all. How life seems to rush upon one—the whole world throws its arms around you—and smiles; you become the center of the Universe where the multitudes pass in obeisance, while you look up to the stars and dream of the countless years of the future where the King of the Golden River takes you on an endless honeymoon in his beautiful boat, drawn by the undying white swans, which have

served lovers since the first days of Eden. O, Annette, I am intoxicated with joy! Come, my love, let us go together out into the night and tell the stars our wonderful story. (*Go out into the garden, arms about each other.*)

ACT III

(*Scene as Acts I and II,—lights in living-room are low, there is no one present. It is the evening following at about 10 o'clock. Enter Roger, Richard Mansfield, Jerome Hunt and Fritz von Liebknecht.*)

ROGER:—Ah, no one at home! We shall have such a jolly good time, not a soul to bore with our vagaries.

JEROME:—After our visit at St. Peter's tonight I should think you would dignify our feelings by a more responsible word. I am always deeply moved by the quiet of religious contemplation. Those Franciscans in the great simplicity and plainness of their lives, are certainly carrying the gospel of Christ to a world that has gone very far away from his teachings.

RICHARD:—Do you know the story of St. Francis? I have been reading it lately.

ROGER:—Let's start the samovar and have a few cigarettes and tea. It will be great fun to sit around in this dim light and have a talk-fest—eh, Fritz? Or would you rather play the Moonlight Sonata while we dream of Endymion asleep on the mountain as Selene comes each night to keep her watch.

FRITZ:—Well, let's talk first, and then, if there is any time, I will play for you a little. But you know what happens when I get started—don't blame me. (*They pass the tea and light cigarettes.*)

JEROME:—Well, Richard, what about St. Francis?

RICHARD:—I have always admired St. Francis of Assisi—not for his profound scholarship, but as an example of the brave and stubborn type of mind which will not allow obstacles of birth and wealth to defeat its ambitions. He was born of a well-to-do family at Assisi, in 1181, and had every promise of a comfortable, well ordered life of the conventional type—but just one thing in his make-up urged his feet into untrodden paths: the spirit of the pioneer. You can imagine

a young man of romantic disposition and a heart tender for everything in life, unwilling to continue an existence which meant more riches and more power. He would even, before his great determination, have given his last garment to some one needy—and, indeed, he literally did this, so that his parents were ashamed of the rags with which he clothed his nakedness. Of course there could be but one future for such a fanatic—and so to him has fallen the honor of establishing the great Order of Franciscans in the Roman Catholic Church, which has exemplified the poverty and simplicity of its great leader—Jesus Christ.

ROGER:—I was on the Board of Trade a few days ago, and saw and heard some fanatics there. There were groups of screaming, rushing, pushing, red-faced men with their fingers held up at each other in a mad turmoil. I thought there must have been some horrible tragedy enacted somewhere, but was told it was nothing unusual—just speculating and trading in wheat, or stocks.

JEROME:—Yes, there it is; these same men will go to St. Peter's, as we have done, and in the quiet aisles, cross themselves and kneel to the figure of St. Francis, and the Virgin Mother, asking forgiveness for their sins, and then go directly back to the gambling pit and repeat the operation over again.

FRITZ:—Ah, life does not take hold of them as music took hold of Beethoven, or religion of St. Francis. If I might order it I would have every church a place for contemplation—where one could go away by himself and sit with his thoughts, in the quiet of a great cathedral with its marvelous windows, splendid altars, wonderful pictures of the lives of the saints, and listen to the soft and soothing music of a deep-toned organ which gives forth its tenderness from some remote shadow of the dim, religious light. I think if American men and women had more of this emotion for the picturesque, and less for the practical, their lives would be richer and fuller.

JEROME:—Yes, when I visit our Art Institute I think of this too,—how few types of representative men and women we meet there, but a great army of the unknown—mostly of a foreign type, who seem to realize beauty at least, if not greatness of creation in Art. I visited the Layton Gallery in Mil-

waukee not long ago, in which are hung some of the finest types of the productions of the really great artists of the world. It was Sunday afternoon—and the hour I spent there seemed all too short;—but from that city of a half-million of people there was not present in the gallery over a dozen.

ROGER:—Well, perhaps they have all seen these pictures.

JEROME:—Probably very few of them—but will not a great picture last with one forever? Can you get tired of it? You know some in our own gallery that are world-wide known—great pictures are great thoughts and you can as easily lose to the world a Hamlet, or a King Lear, as the soul of a great picture.

FRITZ:—Or the soul of a Sonata,—or a Symphony.

RICHARD:—Well, our talk of St. Francis has certainly stimulated us. How strangely conversation breaks away from its original theme. But I think it all goes to show the immortality of a great thought—however expressed. Shakespeare, St. Francis, Beethoven, Bastien Lepage, are symbols of the power of expression—each powerful in his own way; and still, to the man with a various mind, revealing the many sidedness of the picture which he is portraying. Here are four of us sitting together tonight. Suppose we are looking at a wonderful mountain, and are able to see it from different points of view. We should all have a different story to tell of this mountain. It would be literature to me, poetry to Roger, music to Fritz and painting to Jerome. The same great and wonderful mountain is reflected in the various moods of the seers. Great mountains of some kind are to be found everywhere, but it is the eye of the seer which counts.

FRITZ:—I could tell you a lot about this in music. To some the Old Masters have the only message, but there are many others who are looking for something new and fantastic, especially now that we seem to be in a superficial era, where real value does not count for much. I have tried myself, at the Symphony concerts, to find some values in what they call the new music; and only within a month or so Roger and I heard a symphony performed which was the work of a young Chicago composer and seemed representative of the type that is attracting so many just now. The orchestra had played selections from Beethoven, including the Moonlight Sonata,

and we were entirely carried away with the majesty of the latter music.

ROGER:—Yes, I remember; and when the modern symphony was played afterward, the distance in the comparative values was strongly felt by the entire audience. I know I sat down at once, after reaching home, and wrote my impressions of the two numbers in form of poems, so that I could afterwards recall the circumstances.

RICHARD:—Would you mind reading the poems to us, Roger? I, for one, feel the tremendous decadence of Art in its many expressions, and would like to know just how you felt about this particular instance.

JEROME:—Yes, do, Roger, it will be of great value to us all.

ROGER (*Going to a desk and bringing out a folio of papers:*) I like to commit my experiences to a poetic form. There is so much in life which attracts, and whenever I read an interesting book, hear an instructive lecture, look at a wonderful picture, or listen to fascinating music—whatever of value clings to me I try to express in a form which I may keep with me always, for these events are red-letter times in my life and I can go back to them always and feel again the thrill of that first moment. So much of inspiration would be lost to me if I could not do this.

RICHARD:—I think it the good fortune of all poets to sift the fine things of life apart, and hold them in a delightful possession. How many there are who have not the divine gift of a blind Homer, and still are thrilled, like thousands of others, at his inimitable tales of fact and fancy. (*Telephone rings, and Roger, who is about to read his poems, steps into the closet.*) (*Richard, looking at his watch.*) It is after eleven; we ought not to stay as the Baldwins will soon be home and will believe we have taken possession. I don't think they are exactly fond of bohemians. (*Roger returns with an exclamation of pleasure.*)

ROGER:—O, ho, my folks are all up at my aunt's at a bridge party in Winnetka, and have been persuaded to spend the night—they called to tell me not to be lonesome. I said I had an army of invisible spirits to entertain me, and would take good care of the house. Now we can stay as long as we can stand each other. I am sure we shall conjure up some

conspiracy that may save the ninety-nine per cent from its terrible fate.

RICHARD:—Yes, Roger, you know the one per cent is indivisible, and therefore a compelling force that will slowly but surely assert itself; while the ninety-nine per cent is divided, and susceptible to the weakness of division. To my mind the ninety-nine per cent are now separated into four distinct parts—no two of them friendly. First there are the patricians—the noble army of social millionaires, the four hundred who occupy the old chairs of State and dispense dignity and ancestry to ennoble our American traditions. These often intermarry with the European nobility. Then there is the great army of the bourgeois—the self-made people who have risen from poverty and mediocrity to affluence and influence in a generation. Many of them of European peasant origin, but now leaders in the organizations of Democracy. They are the backbone of Commerce Associations, Business Men's Protective Societies, Ku Klux in the South, Radical hunters in the North. They print cards to hang in the banks and shops which tell the inquiring public that they "Believe in the American Constitution," the "Ten Commandments" and "The Golden Rule." They don't of course know any of the Constitution because they call themselves one-hundred-per-cent Americans, which they are not. They certainly do not practice all of the ten commandments, and as for the golden rule, nine out of ten would quote it as saying: "Do others first before they do you."

The third class is called the proletariat—supposed to be the great army of workers—with hands—for wages. Great bodies of these are organized as unions, and these unions are split up into conservatives and radicals. The conservatives do all the talking and the radicals do all the fighting. The proletariat really has the potentiality within itself to control the politics of the country, but has not the leadership to leave the two old parties and launch out for itself. It is wasting its great possibilities under the dictates of high-salaried officials who will not risk their jobs by taking independent action.

The last division is the straggling and struggling *hoi polloi*—the unskilled and uncivilized army of derelicts which floats around without any permanent or visible means of support. These will be the adventurers in any unholy war, or the mob-makers at any theatre which has a place for them in its

plays. They will shout loudly in any cause and are easily satisfied with the morsels thrown to them in compensation. "Theirs is not to reason why," nor is it "to do and die"; they are the flotsam and jetsam of a democracy.

JEROME:—You have well named them all, Richard. I am prouder than ever to belong to the indivisible one per cent. What has become of your poems, Roger? I have been thinking about them ever since the telephone rang.

RICHARD:—Pardon me, for the diversion, Roger, but your remark about conspiracy to save the ninety-nine per cent stirred my mind to the long drawn out definition I have given. Proceed.

ROGER:—Well, the first poem was the impression given me by Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, and carried my mind with it to the old Greek legend of Endymion, because the moon and the moonlight played such an important part in his career. The scene is on the plain of Caria, where Mt. Latmus stands, and Selene, the moon goddess, became so enamored of the beautiful shepherd, Endymion, that she visited him every night until Zeus noticed it, and he called her to account for her neglect of the world. The result was that Endymion was left to her, but put to an eternal sleep by the touch of her lips. His youthful appearance, with a smile on his face, never changed. Now for the first poem.

FRITZ:—Just a moment, Roger, you have got me all stirred up with your talk about Endymion. Let's make a picture of this. The full moon is now shining outside—put out the lights and draw up the curtains so that we may have Selene with us, too,—I will play softly Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata while you read the poem.

RICHARD:—Splendid, Fritz, this will indeed be an inspiration. (*Puts down lights and lifts curtains.*)

JEROME:—Yes, by all means; what a way to end an evening!

(*Fritz goes to the piano and Roger stands beside him while the music softly starts the adagio movement.*)

ROGER:

Adagio Sostenuto

The vision of Endymion's Mount in the plain of Caria rises. Fair Latmus, guarded by Selene, riding in her silver chariot across the sky,

As sleeps the white narcissus, with the purple hyacinth and
the soft red rose—
All bathed in the light of her torch. My eyes close in your
melody and I, too, dream.

Allegretto

The rising tide of life as the consciousness of a great beauty,
breaks.
The soul of the world, bared to the pale, fair rays of the
daughter of Zeus,
Trembles in an ecstasy. The serenity of a vaster silence becomes
eloquent,
As in the solitude of the higher slopes, Endymion sleeps.

Presto Agitato

But not again to wake. Touched by the tremulous lips of the
silver goddess
He smiles, and with his smile has come life's tragic redemption.
In his everlasting sleep, forever guarded by a Vestal's jealous
care,
He is still young, and his wonderful beauty fades not, nor
changes.

RICHARD:—O, the lost words to bring to utterance our
acknowledgment of such beauty! 'Tis said the scholars of the
world have only about eight hundred words in their vocabu-
laries with which to express themselves. What poverty, when
one feels the thrill of desire to pour out his feelings, and finds—
only emptiness. 'Tis like the babbling child whose mind is
opening to the glories of an unknown world. Can one under-
stand why one is so destitute of words to convey sensations?
Wonderful words there are, everywhere, whose music would
fill the air if they could be freed from their cages of confine-
ment. We little know the mysteries of language. We carry
our few words about us, satisfied to let them limit our
expression, repress our imagination, stagnate our thought, make
our rhymes commonplace. When we find a new word we
treat it as an intruder that begs to attach itself to our per-
sonality, and make us different from our neighbor,—and we
will not permit it. I am curious now, Roger, to know what

you have to say about the new music—certainly the contrast must have been great.

(Fritz leaves piano and returns to his seat.)

ROGER:—Well, I confess I tried to get its meaning. I suppose the composer must have had some pictures in his mind as he went along. Please do not think I am disrespectful to the new and novel. I know we must progress; I am just giving you the impression which came to me, and if this one that I am about to read lacks dignity, it is not because I have any personal animosities, or wish to detract from the merits of the music. It is just an honest impression, and must be taken as such. *(Reads)* Impression of Sowerby's Symphony No. 1, given for the first time by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra:

A CONVENTION OF ALLEY KATS

(Fast, with Restless Energy)

Mr. Tom

Was chasing his lady friend

About the backyard of the hotel

When the sun suddenly collapsed

And fell behind the overheated mountains.

A multitude of pale moons

Arose and began to babble their little troubles

To a great Universe

Which tried to preserve its serenity

In the calmness of the night.

Tears trickled down the faces of these little moons

As the wails of the alley kats

Arose in the pink atmosphere of the barnyard.

(With Quiet Languor)

The first violins purred

As if to appease the restless Tom,

But the glittering saffron of a thousand female eyes

Only spurred him on.

His mind swelled and swelled until the orbits of his eyes

Sunk into the palpitating flesh around them

And he fell into a morass

Of deep languor.

It must have been the midnight orgies
Of an overfed stomach,
For the restless clash of the cubist harmonies
Made a nightmare
That paled to insignificance the song of the kats.

(With Triumphant Sweep—Fairly Fast)

Mr. Tom
Finally awoke from his purple dream.
The gray dawn of a better life
Was slyly creeping, with the female kats,
Down the alley like a slinking shadow.
Each note was sobbing
The triumph of the dawn—
With a sudden crash the sun awakened
And dried the tears of night.
In a low sweet murmur of the violins
The majesty of day
Cast its blushing radiance on a world
It had loved and lost, and now loved again,
While Mr. Tom
Shed a parting tear as the baton fell on the field of carnage.

FRITZ:—O, Roger, and you never told me about this?
I wonder what dignified Frederick Stock would say if he could
read it?

ROGER:—Well, he would probably shrug his shoulders,
and remark that the task of a program maker is not an easy
one—breadth of vision is an attainment in which beauty and
ugliness must necessarily be counterparts. Discrimination,
therefore, becomes a finer art than ever for one with such a
wide selection.

RICHARD:—This all urges on one the growing value of
the one per cent as a saving factor to civilization. A well-known
critic in New York has recently stated that in his opinion
European conditions would soon become chaotic as a result
of the recent war, incentive to art work would cease, and the
United States would witness an influx of painters, sculptors,
musicians and literary people in general, and wondered if New
York would become the great metropolis of the world for the
development of the higher tendencies. One questions whether

our commercial atmosphere would assimilate, or be assimilated.

JEROME:—I can't imagine such an immigration. We haven't the atmosphere that age plays in art. The inheritances of Greece and Rome, to say nothing of the Renaissance periods in Italy, France, Germany, Holland, Spain and England, would preclude such a possibility. One must feel the intimate association of the immortals, and here we have decadence and reversion of the worst type. Money to buy is our one asset—creative power is *nil*.

RICHARD:—Yet, it is my judgment on the other hand, the next great movement of the world will come out of Europe. It may be a fact that it will be built on the ruins of what we have supposed was a modern civilization, and which has proven itself to be merely an economic structure in which kings, priests and nobility have delegated to themselves everything of value in life and have offered the comforts of heaven to the great masses whose lives have been a monumental stupidity.

ROGER:—Yes, I think the French Revolution was really the one spark of promise on the horizon of Europe, and that was easily extinguished, for it was born of the sorrow and oppression of one little spot only.

FRITZ:—Why is it there is such a halo about dead revolutions? That of America was glorious—because it succeeded. Germany turns its gaze to 1848, and England very much farther back, while Italy has no greater heroes. A revolution nowadays is a really sinister thing, instigated by men of ill repute, whose object seems to be to destroy both government and church.

RICHARD:—I think this brings us face to face with the crisis that the world will be now called upon to face, and that crisis will convert the one per cent into the real intelligentsia for the conduct of the world's affairs.

ROGER:—I have been dreaming about an Order of Hyacinthus. I must dream, you know, and when I read those old Greek legends they turn my mind and all my desires back again to get out of this turmoil of modern life and strife. Hyacinthus was youth and beauty, and he was the beloved of Apollo, and in death he became by the grace of Zeus, a beautiful flower in which his exuberant flow of life combined with an intoxicating fragrance, betokened the advent of spring.

I think Art, expressing the beauty of life should keep our minds in the atmosphere of an eternal spring.

RICHARD:—My studies and reflections on the present renaissance in the East lead me to believe that the revival of all you hope for, Roger, is on its way—there are signs now present of a growing dawn. Oscar Wilde has said in his “Critic as Artist”:—“A dreamer is one who can only find his way by moonlight, and his punishment is that he sees the dawn before the rest of the world.” No greater promise of the growing dawn can be found than that evinced by the Russian Revolution. After a struggle of centuries the Russian one per cent has finally accomplished that for which so much suffering has paid. Probably Tolstoi did more to stimulate the minds of these people than any one else. At least, by his voluminous writings he encouraged the previous generation to hope for the new freedom, and now one hundred and forty millions of people in that one country alone are ready to lay the foundations for the development of a practical Christianity. Through much suffering and travail must these new freedoms come, but the rights of equality before the law can be secured in no other way.

ROGER:—Ah, yes, out of the East I hear those voices coming to me as they did to Jeanne d’Arc. The riders of wild horses are filling the air with barbaric strains; I can see them in the night, gathering force from everywhere. The old songs of Babylon and Naishapur shall sing once again. The hoarse cries of the tribes of the desert urge the legions on. From Persia, Iram’s roses will bloom again—souls sent through the invisible re-appear—all the martyrs of the thousand years turn their faces toward the growing dawn which calls them back. The Book of Revelation opens itself to me to say again: “And I saw a new heaven, and a new earth for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away.” “And unto the church of the Laodiceans write: Because thou sayest I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor and blind and naked, I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest buy rich and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye salve that thou mayest see.” (*Rising and going to the window.*)

RICHARD (*Noticing, too, the light*):—See, the light of the new day begins to break in the East—it is the growing dawn. Let us, before we part, drink from the samovar to the glory of the East, for from it has always come the Resurrection.

(All stand and drink a silent toast, as the curtain falls.)

THE SPIRIT OF THE LOWER
NORTH SIDE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

No one who has not gone through and experienced the real life of the past five years can thoroughly appreciate the dialogues of this play . . . Most of them represent realities, some of them are fancies of what might have been realities with the right combinations of men and women to make them so. All of the characters lead intense lives without insincerities or hypocrisies. Those of the characters who may by chance read the dialogues will guess that the writer has tried to do them justice in these regards. There is no attempt to travesty or ridicule—the views they present are from their hearts—the lesson if there be one, to be learned, is that most sincere persons reach their conclusions from different angles and are apt to arrive at seemingly opposing destinations after an honest effort to get there. What truth is no one knows—therein lies the value of life—the impossibility of reaching any definite conclusions—if we could so arrive the impulses to attainment would be gone and we should stagnate. We should never strive for perfection or a heaven in any guise, for if we think we have attained it we become like one who has attained death—the goal of life, and the process of decay at once sets in—"Give me the storm of tempest in thought and action rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith, banish me from Eden when you will but first let me eat of the fruits of the tree of knowledge," are the virile words of a soul of greatness who has fought the fight of a vigorous life.

Time will justify the acts of the few who dared to fight the battle for the constitution and the rights guaranteed by it to the American people. In fewer years than we suppose the wrong and injustice of America's part in the greatest of all wars will be as transparent as the light that brings its joy and gladness to us every morning of our lives. The real America will assert itself and when represented in the life of the mind and heart will go on to purify a disordered and misgoverned world.

December, 1922.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LOWER NORTH SIDE

A play in three scenes

Characters

JACK JONES.....	<i>Painter and Decorator</i>
MARY McFADDEN.....	<i>Poet and Writer</i>
SIRFESSER WILKESBARRE.....	<i>Word Manufacturer</i>
STANLEY SZUKALSKI.....	<i>Anatomy Specialist</i>
JIM LARKIN	<i>Deportee</i>
DOROTHY WALTON.....	<i>Cub Reporter</i>
C. GASPARD FLORINE.....	<i>Poetic Business Man</i>
MAUDE TOLLEFSON.....	<i>Musician and Dance-Artist</i>
MARY O'REILLY.....	<i>Theory Teacher</i>
REV. JOHN BUNYAN.....	<i>Sky Pilot</i>
REV. IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER.....	<i>Christian Socialist</i>
LAURA HUGHES	} <i>Pacifist</i> <i>Members of the</i> <i>Peoples Council</i>
LILLIAN HILLER UDELL.....	
HARRIET PARK THOMAS.....	

TIME

July, 1917, in Chicago

SCENE I

Mary McFadden's studio in the Arlington Hotel.

(A plainly furnished hotel room devoid of luxuries—just a place to exist in. Mary McFadden and Jack Jones present. Mary trying to make a write-up for a newspaper.)

MARY:—The devil must be in me today, I can't get a thought straight. When I had that dream last night I kept saying to myself—won't it make a story for you—and now it is gone and I must get something done for tonight or the editor will can me.

JACK:—Well, that is what you get for depending on dreams—where is your imagination? You are always telling me about the passing processions in your mind—where are they?

MARY:—Now don't make fun of me, Jack—you might know from what I have already done that my imagination serves me well—but don't you sometimes get to an impossible place and stare at nothing but blank walls?

JACK:—Yes—and when I do—I take a pot of tea and then go for a walk up to the park. That cures it all. Come on, Mary—let's do that very thing. I've been working on a play now, all the afternoon and would like to relax.

MARY:—Wait a bit, Jack—the Sirfesser promised to come up and look in—perhaps he will want to relax also—and we will all go together. Maybe he has strained his mind today on vocabularies and needs a change. I like his originality—he certainly stirs up one's blood with his Nietzscheisms. I heard him say he had coined about seven hundred new words—I don't know who will use any of them. I think the vocabularies of most people are shrinking nowadays.

JACK:—Yes, I guess so,—hello, there he is now—I hear his step in the hallway. *(Knock at the door, Mary opens, Sirfesser enters.)*

SIRFESSER:—Well, here we are, the order of the Eagle and the Serpent, by the grace of its authorized ambassador, ushers in its august presence. Jack—a cigarette, Mary, a pot o'tea. Let's sit down and commune together in the quiet of

the early evening and consider life and its many petty annoyances. I am just from the Chicago Avenue Station, having had a pleasant and particular interview with the Captain concerning the little disturbance we had last night over at the square. The damned police don't seem to understand soul deliverers and world savers. I could talk myself blind Mary, to one of your countrymen on the force and he wouldn't comprehend a word I said. All he knows is to tell me to get off the box and come along—arrested for interfering with the traffic and blocking the sidewalk—and all the while the Salvation Army, with its noisy nonsense going right along blocking everything just the same and nothing said. It's high time something was done when these Irish can do what they please with us English when we are away from home—hey, Jack? What do you think of Mary and her crowd running this free country and giving us the blah?

MARY:—I should like to see the U. S. go through a day without the Irish. It's stamina they need in this country and its up to the Irish to furnish it.

SIRFESSER:—Well, by the great Queen Elizabeth! I like to hear the likes o' you talking to his Majesty's derelicts in that fashion in a strange country. I'll report you to McDonough and Egan unless you keep a more civil tongue in your head. They are snooping around looking for talk that will give them a chance to get some big stuff for the newspapers. They have saved the city many a time since last April from the bombs of the wicked I. W. W.'s over on the west side as well as stopping the mouths of the People's Council and other German propagandists who are trying their best to break up the British Empire—but they can't hush the voice of a high priced organism like me. I'll say what I like—the worst they can do is to ship me back to old England and I won't pay the freight either. I'm getting rather homesick anyway for a sight of the old place.

MARY:—Yes, and when you're over get Lloyd George to palaver the Irish into the army to help save the world for democracy. (*Voices heard and steps coming down hall—knock at door—Mary opens—enter Stanley Szukalski, Jim Larkin, Maude Tollefson and C. Gaspard Florine.*)

JACK:—Well, well, this is a fine bunch, breaking in on our peaceful meditations. The Sirfesser was just leading us

in prayer for the salvation of Mary's soul and here you come and break the spell—she may be forever damned now on your account.

JIM LARKIN (*Always with a pipe in his mouth*): Tut, tut, man—can't friends call to brace one another up in these troublous days? Things may be all right at the Dill Pickle, but not with everybody.

FLORINE:—No. Jack—we told Mary we would come around some hot night and have a little of the amber fluid and some small talk and poetry—so here we are and mighty glad to find you in such good company as the Sirfesser—he could resurrect the dead with his line of galvanic talk about organisms. Stanley and I stayed all through at the last meeting of the vagabonds to get his arguments—and we are still guessing.

MAUDE:—Well—you know mysticism is the art that claims the multitudes—it is not the simple thing my music is—that appeals to the sympathetic ear and is easily understood and enjoyed—but when the Sirfesser begins to expound we need the courage of the Eagle and the wisdom of the Serpent to help our digestion—but you mean all right, don't you, Mr. Sirfesser?

SIRFESSER:—Yes—my dear, I am especially subdued now anyway, since I have learned what a fine dancer you are—I am almost tempted to let some of my intellect run to my feet. Do you think I could ever acquire the graceful art?

MAUDE:—Lots worse than you. If you knew the problem I have to face over in Tooker Place you would feel that you already held a receipt for half a term's tuition buttoned up in your pocket.

MARY:—Well now, all you literary and intellectual people, please come to order. We are going to enjoy a few home productions. If it gets too hot we will adjourn to the roof—there's a place to stimulate your imagination,—up under the stars—with all the city's lights ablaze and away off in the East a great moon rising out of Lake Michigan. Could you look at all this beauty with a few cold bottles in your midst and not feel the ecstasies creeping up your spinal columns? I couldn't. Jim—you start it—I heard you had learned a new song that will satisfy every loyal or otherwise son or daughter of the Empire. A little of your manly voice will start us all agoing.

JIM:—Well, I must have a little taste of the popular amber fluid called tea. My song is not long—it's one I heard at the theater in Dublin when I was a lad. My throat gets husky when I sing about the old sod. (*Takes the drink which Mary hands him in a cup.*) (*Sings*):

“John Bull lives in England,
Teddy lives in Wales,
Sandy lives in Scotland
And weathers all the gales,
Poor Paddy lives in Ireland
Home Rule would set him free
God bless our dear old Ireland
And the Shamrock Tree.”

(*Bowing amidst great applause and bravos.*)

MARY:—Well done, Jim, I could give you a kiss for that.

JIM:—Never mind, Mary, I have a wife and children at home waiting for me.

MARY:—All right, old man, go on with your smoking this time—now let the poet laureate fill us with his presence. I know what a pacifist he is—I suppose he has been pouring out his soul in bitterness the past few weeks since Wilson removed his mask. How about that effusion you showed me a few days ago Florine, about “My Country”—I thought it rather eloquent—let's hear it.

FLORINE:—All right—it is a piece of my soul, I will be reading to you. (*Reading from manuscript.*)

Written July 4th, 1917.

LAMENTATION ODE

Liberty proudly sitting at our gate,
Freedom unleashed, glad, joyous, elate;
This race, that race, in willing adventure,
My Nation, your Nation, upbuilding together
In life, work and love, partners forever,—
Ties binding for a new race.
The voice of the past in hope interceding,
The speech of the new race evermore pleading
For a freedom of larger vision.
Humanity sitting at America's gate—

Are we building a narrower wall of hate?
My Country, O My Country!

The call of sacrifice to the young,
The willing answer, joyously, carelessly flung
Like a purse on the gamblers' table.
The tumult of ancestry born to fight
To answer a taunt by the dare of a might,
Is that young America's service?
O young manhood, crossing the romance sea
Must you too the sacrifice or the conqueror be
To satisfy democracy's craving?
If so, the trembling flutter of stars in your flag
In mire and in mud of ignominy will drag,
My Country, O My Country!

Does there not come from Russia's vast plain
The sound of a hope that long dormant has lain
In tired humanity's breast?
Why should the hand of one man be stayed
If his voice against war would another persuade
In the name of a common weal?
The freedom of man—in name but a dream,—
Would that America arise as one voice supreme
To proclaim true democracy's call,
To tell all the world in accents that ring
"We'll fight with minds only, all freedom to bring
My Country, O My Country."

SIRFESSER:—That is very clever Florine, well put and with lofty ideas—right hot from the brain pan as I have occasion to remark when anything especially pleases me. I think you are entitled to become one of the order of Superites of which I am the grand vizier. You can expose your ego as often as you like when you become one of us.

MARY:—Well, Sirfesser, you might go on now as long as you have got your organization oiled up and in working order,—we will not try to stop you for a while—it would be useless anyhow to do so, but generally when you get on your feet and "become intoxicated by the exuberance of your verbosity" as your friend Disraeli used to remark about Gladstone, you have

something to say before you get through that arouses a combat—so go to it and let us know the latest while it is hot.

SIRFESSER:—Fill your mouth with silence, Mary, and give a man a chance. I have a great deal unsaid from yesterday that explodes within me and I must relieve myself and this is the opportunity—a little of the liquid, please. By the way—Sahara is the name of the present condition of my interior finish—it must be lubricated to produce the syllables readily. (*Drinks beer from bottle handed him by Mary.*) I divide mankind into three classes, simpoleons, hopoleons and Napoleons—in you before me I see those of the first class, in me you see a fine type of the latter class. I claim no rights that do not belong to me, I merit them all. In me you find at once the highest expression of God in man and his accomplished wisdom to date, as delegated to a Titan of the twentieth century. Before me have gone a Caesar and a Napoleon,—each with his message to a wondering and respectful world and now to me has been handed the scepter of divinity which was expressed through them. I am Alpha and Omega in wisdom, and my philosophy transcends the twentieth century. Come unto me all ye that thirst and I will give you drink. I claim all this by the possession of an individuality that will brook no denial of my claims and stand before you a self-made superite who can intelligently direct inferior organisms in the paths of righteousness, and I see such before me now who have written on their faces the story of the fall of man in his intellectual department—all save you, Jim Larkin, I will make an exception in your case for it would be folly on my part to deny that you have been a useful factor in the development of society. I cannot say anything for the rest of you—who seem like a bunch of fallen angels, lying with their faces to the ground and without the stamina to make a rise. Take you, for instance, Stanley Szukalski, you claim to know the last word about your anatomy, but what about the gray matter in your skull—how do you account for its shortage? I talked you to the wall at the last meeting of the Vagabonds and all you could do was to make a few circles in chalk on the black board and answer in riddles that no one could understand. I talk sense and simplicity, anyone who does not know what I mean when I get through is a moron and existence has no plan for him—cut him out—give way to the strong and let them produce, through

selection, the superman. I advise you to get under the protecting wing of some rich dame who will bring you out and make you respectable—you can have fat chops and a good liver under your head of hair if you use a little diplomacy. Expose your ego to someone who will fall for it and you will be surprised to see how easy the transformation is and then you will remember all of these things that I am telling you and thank me for the impulse.

MARY:—Why pick so hard on Stanley?—he must have stuck a pin into you somewhere and so hard that you have lost your equilibrium. Remember how Poland has suffered and be considerate.

SIRFESSER:—It would not be Nietzsclean for me to consider the sufferings of any nation. The suffering is the sign of weakness. Remember the words of the Great Master—"All that proceeds from power is good. All that springs from weakness is bad—and I am interested only in the relations of a people to the rearing of the individual men. Among the Greeks the conditions were unusually favorable for the development of the individual, not by any means owing to the goodness of the people but because of the struggles of their evil instincts." Now as I stand here tonight and say these things to you, behold a shadow crosses the moon. 'Tis the Eagle sweeping through the air and around its neck the serpent coiled in friendship—the proudest and the wisest. They have come to call me back to my summit, for yea verily 'tis the animals that lead man to the visions of the heights. Now Mary, I have said enough, I want to hear one of those sweet little Irish lyrics of which you are so capable a mistress.

MARY (*Grateful for the Sirfesser's appreciation*): Thank you Sirfesser, I don't deserve all you imply. I will read you a short one as we must adjourn to the roof to get away from this terrible heat. (*Reading from manuscript*):

THE IRISH MOON

In the high sky—over the Irish Sea
Where I weep in silence, you come to me,
As I sit in grief of my country's woes.
Deep down are the sunken wells of sorrows
That bow my head; I feel the galling rod—

The despair of dreams that have failed of God.
When I press my face toward you, response
Is quick—I sense your silver smile, beauteous
To my heart transfixed at the cold gray shore,
As if no moon could charm again the lore
That bloomed so full on other Edenside
And beyond the blarney of ocean's tide.

Here now I rest—the softness of your light
Translates the deeper shadows of the night
Until my mind is free,—I feel the slip
Of a slowly changing world in the dip
Of melting hours when the Baal fires glow
On the mountains where the sacred oaks grow.
Sidhe forms glide in the wild orange flames
In play of their summer middle night games.
O, Ireland, song of my heart, let me be
To thee a lover; careless, joyous, free;
I pledge the moon, soft shining o'er the sea,
As hostage for the fairy world and me.

Great night, where quiet music stirs its breast,
In the moan of the trees by wind's lips pressed,
Curtain o'er my land, as if changeful scene
Can bring to morning's light a yester's dream.
A dream of Ireland, free to make its place
In a world unbought by a slave's disgrace,
Freely to live its moods of head and heart
Where romance disports in a friendship's mart.
Now the long centuries close in the light
Of a moon that has guarded Ireland's night
Even tho' shrouded in paleness' gloom
The days are prophetic of its master's doom.

(Amidst applause and general hand clapping steps are heard in hallway—knock at door—Maude opens. Enter Mary O'Reilly, Dorothy Walton and Rev. John Bunyan.)

MARY McF:—Well this is indeed a surprise—how did you happen to come up here?

MARY O'R:—It must be a guidance of Divine Providence I think—anyway Dorothy and I were walking away from the

square where Tucker was speaking when we met Mr. Bunyan, pardon me Mary and all of you, I don't think you have met Mr. Bunyan. (*Introduces him all around—they look at him with considerable curiosity and at each other with anticipation of a pleasant evening on the roof.*) I met Mr. Bunyan last summer on Pike's Peak during vacation time. Several parties had gone up the night before to enjoy the sunrise in the early morning and Mr. Bunyan and I were amongst those who spent the night on the top of the mountain. We shall never forget the wondrous beauty of the early morning when the eastern sun burst forth from the plains of the lowlands and cast its gleams over the hundreds of miles of landscape that are visible to the eye from this mountain top. Such an experience cements friendships that last a lifetime and whenever Mr. Bunyan and I meet we have at least this in common, although we find plenty of other things to disagree about. I think Mr. Bunyan was drawn out of curiosity to listen to Mr. Tucker, preaching Socialism in the Square, to give him another viewpoint of life although I feel sure the pastor of the Salvation Church would not find much that was congenial in innovations of this kind.

REV. BUNYAN:—Tut, tut, Miss O'Reilly—you know I am a college bred athlete, trained for the pugilistic arena and interested in mental acrobatics as well as physical. I am not afraid to listen to the truth whoever utters it, honestly as he sees it, not that I may at all agree with him but I like to think that in all the world there is a place for a great tolerance and we may learn one from the other. Of course of one thing I am convinced and must necessarily be, that God's truth as revealed by Him in His Gospels is the only truth and all other expressions must conform to it. It is my mission in life to stand unalterably on the platform of the Divine revelation and teach others to see the light as I do. However, I did not come here to preach—these young ladies asked me to meet some of their friends which I was glad to do, but I will not try to impose my religious views upon a social function.

MARY McF:—We should be glad to have you spend the remainder of the evening with us if you can. We have a splendid place on the roof—where we go hot nights, to sit and talk under the stars. It is a great inspiration to professional people, as most of us are, to go for a while "above the

battle" as it were and be by ourselves in an hour of quiet talk after the struggle of the day.

JOHN BUNYAN:—I certainly should be glad to join you. These days are strenuous ones for me too and I like the companionships of sincerity, as I know you all honestly differ from me and perhaps from each other.

MARY McF:—Well let's start—you go ahead Jack and see if the way is open.

(They all leave by twos—Jim Larkin and John Bunyan together in earnest conversation.)

CURTAIN

SCENE II

(On the roof of the Arlington Hotel—a five story structure surrounded by lower buildings. The view of the electrically lighted city is imposing. The sky is clear and filled with the countless stars of a very hot night. Over in the East a nearly full moon is riding silently along in the silver refulgence of its beauty. Chairs are placed for those who choose—others throw themselves full length or sit upon the graveled roof.)

MAUDE:—I have a limerick for you Jack, if you will give one back—even trades you know.

JACK:—Yes I have one but it is on the Sirfesser—I would not be so ungallant as to limerick you, Maude.

SEVERAL:—Good, let's have them.

MARY McF:—We will limit the number to these two—and see who gets knocked the hardest. Maude, what is yours?

MAUDE:—

There was a man named Jack Jones
Whose mind was mostly of bones;
His soul was of leather,
But his conduct so clever,
That everyone liked Mr. Jack Jones.

JACK:—Ha, ha, Maude—I will remember you in my will for that. Now listen to mine. I will make the Sirfesser wink.

There was a man called the Sirfesser
Who talked for hours at his pleasure;
The thoughts in his head
To his poor friends he fed
With words that flowed on forever.

SIRFESSER:—Now it has come to pass again that a prophet is without honor in his own country. I have done the best I could to impress you with the value of individuality but to no effect. I am afraid this is the evident result of all democracy—the disillusioning of the individual that he can become a leader. No leaders are wanted—we must all be on a common level—there is no room for the advancement of distinct ideas.

REV. BUNYAN:—Don't you think, Sirfesser, that this belief in the supremacy of individuality is at the bottom of the intense militarism of Germany and not remotely the cause of this world disturbance in which we are now all greatly concerned? Germany has been taught the spirit of individualism now for two or three generations until it honestly believes it has a divine sanction to impress itself upon the rest of the world. I am sure there is a strict line of demarcation between these ideas and those of the people of countries calling themselves democracies in one form or another.

SIRFESSER:—I am not disputing the fact of the power of individuality. We must all agree on that—I need not disagree with you in what you say about what it can accomplish if it is asserted politically, as it is when used as an instrument of suppression or oppression, whereby this great will of a minority is imposed on the multitude for nationalistic purposes. I preach the greater message of individuality in the development of democracy. Herein lies my opposition to the socialistic dream of so many and includes Christianity as well. This to my mind is only an earlier and less well developed scheme of socialism which the scholarship of later years has added to and enlarged upon—of course eliminating the miraculous and impossible from it as belonging to an age of credulity.

REV. BUNYAN:—Just there of course we should greatly differ—I represent a group of people, and am one myself, who sincerely believe that Christianity and Judaism are and were always realities—sustained by God Himself and not figures of speech or principles of ethical conduct. My democracy would be based on Christ's teachings, and His individuality would be the only one conceived, as God possessing all Knowledge, cannot be added to or made greater by anything external, which of course your individualist proceeds to try to do in order, as he says, to increase Knowledge or produce a development of what he calls evolutionary law. This is all contrary to the

spirit of God and Christ—who say They are Alpha and Omega, benefactors to humanity of all it may ever stand in need of. I think this is a firm rock upon which all that will, may stand until Christ comes again to repossess His Kingdom. Individuality, in most of its phases, is a promulgation of the devil who is always on the alert to poison the minds of the unsuspecting. Christ is all in all to those who will accept Him at His word.

DOROTHY:—Pardon me, Mr. Bunyan, I am a little curious of some things about which you can probably enlighten me. At the request of the New Majority, a paper for which I write special articles, I was present at one of your Sunday morning meetings not long ago to hear your sermon on “Prominent Aspects of the Christian’s Character,” and “How to Distinguish the Christian from Others of the World.” I remember that you spoke very forcibly of the necessity for a Christian to differentiate from the world in which he finds himself and by constant prayer to feel the proximity of Christ to guard one from the temptations of man and the devil, so that when the call of Christ came, as it might at any moment, one would find oneself prepared to meet his God. All about in the auditorium were signs, “God is Love” and profusely draped upon the platform and pulpit, American flags signifying devotion to the country and the war in which it is engaged. Missionary mottoes were much in evidence in which inferences of human brotherhood were emphasized and the general impression made upon me, as a stranger, was that here met a group of people, keen to sympathize with and uplift all the unfortunates of whatever tribe or nation—and yet there were those flags twining themselves everywhere and speaking their message to me louder than any word uttered or printed. I lost the sound of your voice for a few minutes, Mr. Bunyan, as my mind wandered across the sea and I thought I was seated in a similar auditorium of Christian people in a great city like Berlin. The same voices, the same mottoes, the same twining of flags, and I saw around me young men clothed in the uniform of their country as I did here in Chicago. Then I saw them arise and bow their heads at the benediction in which the fervent prayer of the pastor arose to the same God of Love that he would grant success to the armies and bring despair to the enemy—and I saw the young men go out and away to join their regiments and march on to the field where they would meet in deadly com-

bat of life or death the young men from Salvation Church and claim their lives with a bayonet thrust or perhaps be killed themselves with a bullet from the others' rifles. I clasped my hands and said in despair, is there God love that will permit and condone such things and urge you on with what you call your holy work of preaching Christ and Him crucified and that He died upon the Cross to save the world. I said to myself, is there a greater hypocrisy than this that the Christian Church will so forget itself and its great mission of Peace as to be an ally with the greatest agent of the evil one in the world today—war—and so prostitute its tremendous influence to the powers of darkness that rule in high places. Then I thought of your subject, "How to Distinguish the Christian from the Rest of the World," and looking about me saw the expressions of complacency on all the faces of your hearers—the self satisfaction that seemed to possess their souls in quietude—and said to myself—my God, can these people feel themselves different from the rest when they are failing in the first principles of Human Brotherhood and have in their hearts the desire to kill and maim the very young men who are saying their prayers in another temple of God beyond the sea? I left the service feeling that whatever hold Christianity once possessed it had become now a sepulcher of dead men's bones that rattled in the winds of an unsympathetic world.

REV. BUNYAN:—I think, Miss Walton, you are unduly sensitive on certain subjects. I am sure the great majority of our countrymen feel no such compunctions—least of all the members of the church—we believe in militancy—"Onward Christian Soldiers" is our cry and the Salvation Army in uniform and with military titles is one of our great influences, respected wherever found now that the war has given them an entree amongst all kinds of people. But to answer you I must go deep into the past—yes to the very beginning and show you that Christ came not to bring peace but a sword and that throughout the centuries, particularly at the time of the crusades the advantage gained over the heathen and the irreligious has been by the sword and force of arms. Even the great curse of slavery was removed from our country by a long and bloody conflict in which thousands of our own kind were destroyed that God's will might be fulfilled. Could one indeed have the blessings of this great Christian country in which we live in

freedom, unfettered by allegiance to another, had it not been after a long and disastrous conflict with the mother country which thought by oppression to force us to continue as a contributing subject to her greatness. Do we not sing "My Country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing," etc., with thankful pride that someone died that we might inherit the blessings for which he sacrificed himself? The church only advocates those wars that have a high purpose back of them and if any war was a holy one, this which we are now in is that. The call of the whole civilized world for democracy, the privilege of life under the rule of the people themselves, free from the oppression of a medieval monarchism which would grind the masses to the will of one man or a coterie of men, who wish to force submission to the whims and caprices of an arrogant militarism. No, the church could never be a party to that—rather a few sacrifices of the kind you mention, than the strangling of all that the world has struggled for and attained through these long centuries since Christ came with the blessed light of the Gospel and showed the way of salvation. I rejoice that we are winning the war and look upon these disagreements amongst nations as fulfilled prophecies of the word of God, that in the last days troublous times shall come, in which nation shall war against nation, etc., as foretelling the coming of Christ once again to claim His own and on that morning of resurrection to hear Him say: "Come unto me all ye righteous into eternal life and unto those who have not found or accepted him: Depart into everlasting darkness." O for that glorious day—I beseech God in my daily prayer that we may be found ready and waiting. Wars and differences between peoples are trivial things in the great march of events, when eternity is in the preparation and everyone must decide his fate for himself. This is the Gospel I offer you as I offer it to all—forget that the war has cast a cloud on the horizon—it is only a little circumstance in a transitory world; easily caused and easily forgotten—but eternity—forever—that is the important thing—do not overlook it. Think of the broken body and the shed blood of Christ, a great tragedy in which He became the sacrifice for all to show a way of redemption and salvation through the vicarious offering of Himself, that we might have a path of escape provided and so inherit, each one of us that Eternity

of life in the mansions He has provided above for the least as well as the greatest.

JIM LARKIN:—I cannot reconcile religion with Rev. Bunyan's viewpoint. It sounds old fashioned to me. The stimulus of new conditions which industrialism has created must modify religious conceptions or religion will be relegated to a place in the past. Wars have lost the haloes of the days when principles of freedom and a holy cause were the rallying motives, and too, the appeal of another world, and its happiness, does not convince as it did once. We are now in an era when people ask for one world at a time and that world to be one where justice can be the portion of each alike. The old doctrines of humility and meekness, when the overlord could assert his power through the strength of possession and riches, were doctrines of false morality. Such lives of oppression could not be compensated for, even by an eternity of happiness—and who could guarantee anything of a God who left no manifestations of Himself excepting as a king and warlord who possessed all power and would build mansions in the skies, after His own plans, and expect His followers to be always satisfied with what they found there waiting for them. Could slaves or serfs expect anything different, or were they at all prepared for anything different, when they reached this land of bliss? How can one partake of bliss who has never known it? Does not the very doctrine of humility prepare one for eternal humility—where one would willingly acquiesce to the will of another? What a heaven that would be where earth conditions like those now existing and which have heretofore existed became the fixed eternal conditions of the hereafter. Christ had no knowledge or conception of the individual problems of today and those which will become more intense, if the wishes of the present overlords continue. It seems as though the best satisfied exponents of Christianity were the overlords themselves, outside of the ignorant masses, who take their religion like an everyday breakfast or any other regular habit of life. Thus then you have in the church of today these two classes—the overlords, who possess the good things of the earth and the uneducated who take their religion like soup. In Ireland we have plenty of religion but no freedom, oppression has been the law of English domination through the centuries and the result is war and unhappiness everywhere and for all time. What

kind of heaven is being prepared for the Irish and can you satisfy them when they reach it? I think not—when they have a sense of freedom and opportunity here they will conceive of a similar thing in the hereafter and not until they do. The same argument applies to any people in slavery or subservience to a foreign power. I think the Russians are the only people who are at all likely in the near future to say to themselves, we will throw off the burden of the Czars and the Church and live our own lives in our own way. We have followed the conception of the commune for five hundred years and it looks as though the co-operation that comes through the joint labors of the little groups scattered throughout our great country, contained the germ of a larger and more elaborate plan, to be worked out whereby each of us can lead the largest and best life, developing all the latent possibilities that lie within us, and so prepare us, if not for some eternal home, at least for succeeding generations of those even more qualified to live in the greatest development, because we have prepared a way for them to do so. No, Mr. Bunyan, the Gospel you preach is not for the twentieth century and its problems. We must have a broader horizon—the missionaries you send out to all the world have become simply the gunboats of the politicians, and the cause of Christ as preached by them in the implantment of a civilization that broadens the markets of the manufacturing world by creating wants amongst those who have hitherto lead simple lives and do not know the demands of our complex associations. The Church, from the mere fact that it is supported by dead men's legacies has become the agent of a system creating wealth by the misfortune of others and which makes a mockery of the simple fundamentals of Christ and his disciples. If you should preach for one day the admonition "to sell what thou hast and give to the poor" your Church would revolt against you and cast you out as an unsafe leader or shepherd of the flock. I know what the dangers of the advocacy of industrial justice to all established and intrenched institutions, of which the Church is one, are, and I predict that what is known as the Christian religion will either become more of an empty sepulcher than it now is, under our present capitalistic system or yield itself to dissolution under a new future for mankind, in which Christ's old thoughts for humanity may blossom into realities and the Church or what will take its place become the

rallying ground of the common brotherhood of man. Now we educate our boys and girls to the dollar standard of success in life, with religion to make it respectable, let us rather educate them to develop spontaneously their unborn talents, that the generations may be the flowering blossoms of genius, of which they have now only the faintest glimpse through the lives of the few who must express themselves for the abundance of joy that is overflowing within them.

MARY O'REILLY:—Yes, I see it every day in my school—I must teach these children what I find in the books that are given me, but I know that each book is censored and carefully constructed so that these plastic minds may be given a certain bent that will not permit them in after years to differ in their ideas and beliefs from those preceding. These books are all like bibles that teach the only true religion—yours—others are false and dangerous and when you teach the formative mind of the child such absolute things, he absorbs an all sufficiency of his environment which it is difficult to displace. This is the great argument against democracy represented by Church and State as at present constituted and the cause of all this,—“canned minds”—typical of democratic multitudes, the few individuals who stand aloof from such democracy are alien to its sympathy and live their lives within themselves—hopelessly. Nothing will stir the world again excepting a revival of individualism, wherein each member will be permitted and encouraged to develop his own nature. Out of such soil will come a real relationship of men, in which the possession of mere physical property will not be the criterion by which their worth will be judged. I am amazed that a dying Church does not grasp this one way out for its salvation—then indeed will Christ come in the glory of a new revelation, in order that a revaluation may be given to the world and its possibilities for the growing life of man. Mr. Bunyan, you are a human being, you say you believe in the brotherhood of men and a divine love, why not break away from these ossified conceptions that surround you and make for a newer condition?

JOHN BUNYAN:—Impossible, as long as I believe Christ may appear again, perhaps tomorrow, what need of this—He will change everything necessary on the day of resurrection. I am satisfied to offer the opportunity to those who wish eternal life—those who prefer the other state can freely choose it—why

should I upset or try to upset God's word which seems so plain to me? We use wealth simply as an agent to carry on our work and would be guilty before God if we tried to decry or dissipate it. I fear it is useless for me to say more to you than I have—you and those like you are terribly mistaken in your views of life but you must choose between them and the free gospel—that is yours to accept if you have the faith. I must leave you now as it is getting late and only hope that any words that God has put into my heart to say may be like seed fallen on soil that will bring them to the ripened harvest. Good night and God bless you all.

MARY:—Jack, will you show Mr. Bunyan the way down—the roof steps are a little steep and it may be dark in the hallway. I thank you, Mr. Bunyan, for staying with us as long as you have—we value the company of anyone who differs with us and has the courage of his convictions. We all hope you will think yourself out into the larger life which seems to appeal to us and in which wealth in money terms does not play an important part. (*Jack and Bunyan go down the steps from the roof.*)

SIRFESSER:—Really, I have been knocked into silence by His Eminence—I have shown the remarkable control I have over my ponderous will by maintaining silence in his presence, such constraint under a great provocation is undeniably a wonderful test of my powers of self denial—I cannot however hold myself in longer and must give vent to my feelings on your beloved friend by proving the assininity of all his vaporings—

MAUDE:—Restrain yourself, Sirfesser—I suggest that you let some of your mind run to your feet as was proposed earlier in the evening. Here is a fine place on this roof to trip the light fantastic and a few chords from Mary's accordeon will set your blood in motion in a more enjoyable channel than berating a well intentioned minister of the gospel for expressing his honest, but emotional ideas. (*Gets up and walks to the Sirfesser while Mary starts the dance music for them—Jack Jones reappears and takes Mary O'Reilly into the dance while the others break into desultory conversation on different subjects. The Sirfesser labors hard to acquire a graceful step under Maude's careful persuasion but finds it pretty hot work and they soon succumb, sitting down to sandwich and bottle.*)

JIM LARKIN:—Sometimes I get discouraged when I see

the great possibilities in such men as Bunyan going to waste. As an apostle of human liberty he would be an unquestioned force. We need strong, trenchant voices like his for the cause of freedom—men unafraid to speak the truth as it comes to them. When I think of Debs and Nearing and the sacrifices they have made for the cause of humanity I am ashamed for myself and so many others who are sometimes lukewarm in the greatest cause that can stir the heart of the world—the casting off of the fetters that manacle man's free development—why should not every one wish that very thing? At the melodrama it is always the triumph of virtue over vice, of the hero over the villain; of the good, the true and the beautiful over lies, the ugly and deceitful—all the people applaud this and are exasperated over the other—why is this not so in real life? Here the child is bound hand and foot from the start—no truth or falsehood presented excepting those that are allowed, no political, economic, or traditional scheme unless approved by the powers that be, no liberty of language or press unless harmless to self constituted authority—all is touched by the dreary conventionalism prescribed by the few. Bunyan is preaching this conventionalism,—he does not use his individuality to question it—does not wish to because he knows he will undermine the structure which he has helped to build. Sometimes when I get to thinking of these things all become distasteful to me,—I love the compelling force that pushes me on to realize my ideals—all seems so futile, so impossible, I cry out to myself—what is the use, those with my sentiments are being submerged by the impotency of the masses to think for themselves—bah—such democracy sickens me, I would throw it away and begin civilization all over again and try to make amends for its great injustices by teaching everyone the value of self salvation and independence of thought.

MARY McF:—Well, well Jim, don't get discouraged. We all know the great and seemingly losing fight you are making; but be assured the right will prevail. The masses, when aroused will turn and face the light some day just as readily as now they face the darkness. Before we break up I would like to have you all go with me tomorrow night to a meeting of the Peoples Council, which is striving to uphold the Constitution of our country and preserve the rights of free speech even in these troublous war times. I think you will

feel under the inspiration of this meeting, that there are those still among us who are strong for those ideals that Jim longs so much for and the lack of which have brought this melancholy note into his voice tonight. This meeting will be held at the old Langdon Apartments, corner Bunker and Desplaines streets, and our friend St. John Tucker will be its chairman. Let us all go and show that we are doers of the word and not hearers only.

(They all go down the steps from the roof and the curtain falls as the last one of the party descends.)

CURTAIN

SCENE III

(In Mrs. Flanagan's apartment at the Langdon, southeast corner Bunker and Desplaines streets, evening of the next day. The parlor is placed with folding chairs for a meeting; a table with several chairs about it at one end of the room. Several American flags are displayed. At about 8 o'clock the audience files slowly in—all sorts and conditions of people until the room is nearly filled with those sitting and standing. About the table are seated Rev. St. John Tucker, Laura Hughes, Lillian Hiller Udell and Harriet Thomas who have just arrived and been announced as speakers for the evening. In the audience are seen two plain clothes men as well as a member of the secret service—government. There is a feeling of suspense in the air as the time of commencement arrives. The faces of several of those who parted on the roof of the Arlington Hotel the night before—Jack Jones, Jim Larkin, the Sirfesser, Mary McFadden are noted here and there in the audience.)

ST. JOHN TUCKER:—I will open the meeting by reading that part of the constitution of the United States which guarantees the right of peaceable assemblage of people and the free expression of their opinions as to the government and the acts of its delegated representatives. In this country the people are supreme and the officials are those who perform the will of the people. Let it be known that we are not here to oppose the war, or instigate opposition to the draft, merely to carry on in the spirit of the constitution. We are within our rights to petition congress to end the war by overtures both to the allies and to the enemy and also within our rights to give aid

and sympathy to all of those young men who are opposed by their religious or conscientious scruples from entering a combat of force with their fellow men. There are many such who will need to feel the sustaining influence of others organized to protect their rights, there are many ways in which they can serve their country in departments of the government in which none of the real fighting is experienced.

A VOICE:—They are slackers—give them the rope.

TUCKER:—Be calm, my friend, until I get through and then you can have a chance to talk.

SAME VOICE:—Well, talk like an American, we want to hear the real stuff, we are with the government, constitution or no constitution.

SEVERAL VOICES:—Yes, that's it, put the copperheads out. Make them salute the flag. What's this meeting for anyway?

MR. TUCKER:—We must have quiet here—if you want to talk go outside, but keep still until I am through. As I was saying I will read you the article of the constitution under which our government exists. It gives us certain inalienable rights. (*Reads.*) “Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.” So we are here to enforce and uphold the constitution. If it was not written for times just like those we are going through today it certainly was not written with any serious intention, but inasmuch as we respect its other provisions and are governed by them, it is fair to assume that the obligation of the government to the people is just as binding in these concerns as in any other. The only way the provisions can be violated by those in authority is by the use of force not authorized and which is winked at by those of the people who favor the war and with it the suppression of any expression which is hostile to the war and the measures promulgated to carry it on. We all know that the nation was coerced into it by propaganda, evidently furnished by the English and that even then, unless conscription had been decreed it would have been impossible to obtain an army to send across the sea. The whole idea is absolutely un-American and contrary to the best thought of those responsible for the constitution and our form of government, who advised against entangling foreign alliances in no uncertain terms. Even our

secretary of state under the present administration resigned his high office rather than be a party to this partnership. We are not enemies of the country because we say no war should be entered into without giving the people a chance to say whether they want it or not. No one denies that the people would unite to repel an invader—a *casus belli* about which there can be little dispute but to deliberately “take up arms against a sea of trouble” as Shakespeare once remarked requires serious consideration and a verdict by those most greatly concerned. However that is a thing of the past—we are now in the war, whether we wish to be or not and the thing that most vitally interests the members of the People’s Council is to preserve the rights that we possess under the constitution as American citizens. The People’s Council which is organizing in different neighborhoods everywhere intends to become a powerful factor to protect the innocent and helpless as far as lies within its power. We wish to establish a branch council in this locality and believe there are a sufficient number of real Americans to step forward and become a part of it. Of course the socialists are already very strongly interested, as are the members of the Society of Friends who have never found it necessary to go to war to settle their differences and I am well aware that many members of the American Peace Society have decided that now is the time to demonstrate practically what they have stood for in theory for many years. We all thought that the Spanish-American war of twenty years ago was to be the last war in which our country would participate and up to a few months ago no one here would have predicted that we would now be involved in the present one—it all shows what a well organized and well developed propaganda can do. Mothers who then would have said they did not raise their boys to become soldiers now declare that they will give all they possess to be a part of a glorious war. What does this mean? Simply that great forces have organized this propaganda and sent it on its way—through the churches, theatres and places of business with the endorsement of men and women highly influential, until the masses have acquiesced, as they always will when well led, and now we have only a minority, and a small one at that, who will raise their voices even to defend that particular part of the constitution which I have just read. So here we are, believing sincerely that we have a position

which we ought to maintain and which we must maintain to save our country from becoming more Prussianized than the very evil we are called upon to resist. As a socialist of course I can predict that the money power will gain tremendously in this country as a result of this war—all of the hidden wealth amongst countless millions will be brought together in the effort to finance the government, and as in our other wars, the temptation to profiteer amongst influential contractors and politicians will be too strong to be resisted, and countless new millionaires will be created, who, after the ending of the war, in order to defend their greed, will be obliged to organize themselves in defense against the great bulk of the people who have put up this money in the sincere object of aiding their government. The socialists believe that the power of business men's associations will be greatly increased because of this need of standing together in their ill-gotten gains and by their power in the different communities in which they exist, prevent any reaction on the part of the government in seeking to force them to disgorge that part of their enormous profits which was unjustifiable but which the authorities, due to the emergency were unable to control at the time. Not only will this situation exist—but labor too—after feeding luxuriously on war wages, will decide that it can never work for any less, and there will begin anew, but with greater stress than ever before, the conflict between capital and labor. I say all these things to suggest that saving the world for democracy is not the only great thing to be attained that is in the minds of statesmen and politicians. We must be on the alert and keep our minds in action, for after all, you who I see before me are the ones who must suffer and toil, that the few fortunate ones may enjoy the luxuries of life which come as the gift of the toilers. Has not this state of affairs followed every great war the world has experienced? We need not expect less from this and it will be to the sane and unselfish people who come out of it with their faith still strong in humanity and brotherhood that the world will have to look for its redemption. Now we wish to unite all such people and be prepared when the end comes to go on with the work of humanization, of trying to make our own kind believe that they are not different from those of other nations, that they have the same likes and dislikes and any differences of color, race or religion, are due to their own

special environment which has caused a separation of its kind from us. The world must make some sort of a start at once to eradicate its differences and prejudices, old feuds must be forgotten in the larger citizenship of a common humanity. I have never known any one of any race, color or creed who did not respond to the sentiments of love and happiness—these are the natural conditions of life for which all hope and which commend their aspirations. War is the one great separator of man from man, the withholder of love and happiness from man, the breeder of hates and jealousies, bringing the destructive hope of glory to a certain community to the exclusion of another less fortunate in its ability to withstand force. This is the old cave man's feeble reasoning he must protect himself and his cave by a superior force which not only did this but also destroyed his enemy and his enemy's cave. This was indeed glory about which he could brag, as we are inclined to brag about our superiority in the use of force to maintain ourselves and our territories. The whole thing starts in our belief of superiority over some one else, and this super excellence we think lies in what we call, the character of the civilization we possess and the other does not. We become Christianized and are soon taught that it is the only true religion and all others are false, there is a penalty of eternal agony attached to being heathen. Under the impulse of a feeling we know not what, we stretch our arms to help, but only on condition that their minds be changed to conform to ours—otherwise they are still heathen and hopeless. These seem to be almost all of them in the tropics, and we insist that their nakedness be clothed in cotton and calicoes, all of which brings sickness and inconvenience to them, but business and prosperity to us. In this desire to convert the heathen there is one of the underlying and great causes of war and is undoubtedly the greatest cause of the present war. Not the making of the world safe for democracy—no, far from it—but making it safe for the commercial supremacy of one side or the other in furnishing the wants of Christian civilization to the countless millions of these heathen who are perishing for the want of Christ and calico the tropical world over—and the question now before us is—shall this Christ and these calicoes be of English extraction or German?—I will not say more but leave the case to you that we must stand by our

rights as we see them and when this present disturbance is all over go on with the fight again for the cause of human brotherhood, unfettered by the narrowing visions that nationality, creed or environment will give to us, and all of us if we still continue to permit them to do so. I will ask Miss Laura Hughes to speak to you now and present our cause from the woman's standpoint, for after all it is the woman who will be called upon to bear the great burdens of sorrow and suffering which come from the horrors of war. The sympathy of a woman's heart goes out I am sure to all the young men, in all of the conscripted armies who are fighting to kill other young men, whom they have never seen and have no cause to be arrayed against in a bitterness of heart that drives them to the most desperate actions under the name of a glorious service for the sake of their country. My God, why do you not, in the omnipotence of your all seeing wisdom, open the eyes of those you have created in your image, to reflect the work of the creator and keep it strong and beautiful that the name of the Father may be glorified in the sight of all mankind? Let me now introduce to you Miss Laura Hughes who will bring you a message from another land.

LAURA HUGHES:—This war finds me in a foreign country but it is a war in which my own country, as well as yours, is involved and this time we seem to be allies and fighting for the same cause. Of course it is a war that has long been looked forward to by the European nations, while you of America are undoubtedly taken very much by surprise that there were conditions there which forced the conclusion. You know the Germans and English have been mistrustful of each other's supremacy now for the greater part of the past generation, and it only needed the kindling spark which has come to start the proceedings now involving nearly all the nations of the world on one side or the other. What has woman got to say about it, and what part has she taken these latter years leading up to the point where peace ceased to exist and war became the active factor in life? I fear that the great past, in which woman has played an inactive part in the affairs of state, is responsible for the evident truth that her consent has not been sought or considered in the important step the world has taken. Of course there are small bodies of intelligent women in all countries who have seemed to

believe and advocate that the differences of nations could or should be settled by peaceful methods, but the voices of these women have not reached influentially because there was no potent political power behind them. Give a large body of people like the women, the vote, or the power to express a definite opinion like the policy of the government and at once there is a hearing given and consideration for the opinions. I dare say that then women in every country at present involved, if the question of war or peace had been made political propaganda for a period of ten years or so before our present, leading up to the events of 1914, would have prevented the very atmosphere which burst into flames at that particular time and which men found then they could not control. Women's hearts are peculiarly touched by the thought of physical suffering, especially where it is likely to come to them in their immediate families and will go at great lengths to prevent its occurrence. Of course we realize that once a woman is aroused by propaganda to believe that her country is endangered, she will go to any sacrifice to maintain just what a man will fight to maintain, but this is only in an emergency—over a long period of years she will more willingly qualify herself for peace and constructively grow in that direction. She has not the same interest in war that a man has—does not come as near to its glories and does not participate in its results unless it should happen to enter her own family in shape of death or injury. So we see that woman's part in war is largely in the hospital, binding up the wounds, solacing the sick and dying and giving comforting words to those, who far from home are about to pass into the great beyond. This is a noble part to play and now that we are a part of a great war, the American woman, as well as the English and Canadian will go hand in hand in these great missions of mercy. What we of the People's Council are trying to do is to soften the blow as much as we may, both to our young men and boys who will face scenes they have never been fitted for, and protect those who have it inborn that they can never take an active part in such methods of settling their differences. I have no apologies to make for England, it has been her mistaken policy for years to believe that the blessings of civilization could be best administered through her efforts, and her army and navy have been her strong arms to enforce this belief.

Railroads and improved devices, by which life has been made easier to live have resulted everywhere the flag has been raised, and as a pioneer of civilization she has been a power and an influence in the development of the world. Just now, however, the increasing reputation of certain other countries has forced a new element into the great world questions and has brought about issues that heretofore have never been seriously considered. An important manufacturing country like Germany or the United States, after it has become intensely organized can produce much more than its own people can consume, and in order that they shall be regularly and constantly employed, foreign markets in undeveloped countries must be sought out and wants created in them for the goods to be disposed of. This is a situation at once sensitive to other countries, producing the same goods and causes a competition for the newly found trade. New countries too have natural products like minerals, wheat, cotton or oil which are needed in overcrowded lands or in countries where there is nothing produced of a similar kind. Now comes the rush of colonization and the introduction of customs and habits, that not only create demands, but form associations between new and old countries which lead to business relationships of vast importance and valuable results to the manufacturing countries. We see this enacted in all of our so-called leading countries and the creation of a gigantic commerce, on sea and by rail, necessarily financed by these same nations which have the reserve capital to lend to make them possible, and as necessarily paid tribute to by the peoples of the newer and undeveloped countries who are the beneficiaries. This all leads to the system of the protecting agreements, mandates, favored clause treaties which exist today and whereby nearly every weak nation is under the wing of a strong one. As England is the strongest and most aggressive she has the greatest number of ducklings under her wing to care for. Japan is feeling the same pressure now in Asia and must necessarily find a dwelling place for her excess population in adjacent or further domains, where Japanese can find both a place of residence and protection of the imperial flag. What the results are of this policy of acquiring influence in foreign spheres, we all know, and who can foresee the ending of a policy of this kind which tries to enforce its will on peoples of a different language and disposition. I think when we have

carefully considered this situation we will realize the real reasons for this present war and how deep seated it is, and, too, the fact that it will be prolonged and disastrous before it is decided. The problem of America is how to go along with it under the stress of a diversified population whose different interests call them in sympathy, at least, with the countries of their descent and the heritages of long years of the environment of their childhood. I don't know how America will stand the test of this war—it has been a great melting pot in the years of peace—will it hold together its cemented fragments in the greatest test of all? Other nations are largely of their own people—native stock, tracing back through the generations—but in America not so—the multitudes who have poured through its gates now for fifty years, in a constantly enlarging stream—will it be America's problem to them or the problem of each individual country whose blood they have coursing in their veins? It is a most interesting experiment in democracy and one which only a great war can make possible. If America comes through it all, intact and determined, it will prove some things that only a great emergency can prove. Will it prove, for instance, that a great peasant population such as America has inherited from Europe can withstand the temptations to illicit gain which come from an opportunity like this? I should like to believe it will, but I am afraid. I am afraid of the loss of character that goes with these great upheavals, that men and women will become less tolerant of others who disagree with them; that it will seem a little easier to impose governmental restrictions on those who are the minority which dares to express itself. Of those who fear the constant aggrandisement of wealth that such power gives. Once this country was in the power of men, who after the war of the American revolution—slave holders, lawyers, financiers and profiteers,—sought to give it a constitution in no sense representing democracy and freedom for which the war had been fought so many trying years to bring about. The result was, that the majority of the colonies which sought to form themselves into United States would not acquiesce until Thomas Jefferson, who had been sent abroad was returned to the country and there insisted that the broad planks of personal liberty which are now the bulwark of your present constitution be incorporated—when they were, there was no trouble in forming

a union of the original colonies and from that time until now the constitution has grown to fit the various conditions which have arisen. I think Lincoln, if he had lived, would have not been satisfied with his work for the black race but would have taken a decided stand for the broader democracy which visions of his youth had brought to him in the great undeveloped west, that was to become the growing seat of power and dominion of the states. It seems to me, as I look at things in the great central west, that the broad expanse of your prairies will create a new spirit in your country of widened horizons and generous disposition for the toiling millions who work their lives away that the few may receive the greater benefit. All these things pass before me now like a dream. While we are in the midst of a great thing called war, it is something that has been caused by conditions of which Americans know little. Here you have thousands of miles of growing wheat and corn—plenty everywhere and for everyone, and yet the telling figures of your census, that every ten years the percentage of ownership is slipping into the hands of fewer and fewer people, until now, it is said that two per cent of your people own seventy-one per cent of your wealth, and the margin growing tighter each decade. Where will it all lead us to, and how soon? Will the end of the war bring the great masses to a realizing sense of their growing helplessness? Will it do so in other countries and is there a menace to civilization as presently conceived in such a situation? What about growing prices, of higher rents, of inferior housing conditions, of employment of women and girls in men's occupations, and in munition factories? Will the women wish to keep the men's places after the war? Will the men work at all when they finish fighting? Will army life destroy their better selves? I dare not think these things out, they stare at me like the rattling bones in the faces of the dead whose eyes are gone and their minds. O women, salvation for the human race is in your arms, it lies in every cradle that you rock and give your softening influence to—the love that shines in a mother's eyes can reach out from its own child to stir the world to a diviner conception of the worth of life. Since we are placed here in relationship with those of our kind, let us lead the primrose path, where the sun shines and kisses us into the ways of everlasting peace. I speak from the heart of a woman,

for there it seems to me lies the salvation of the human race. In the quiet and generous impulses of her nature, will come forth the spring blossoms of a newer season that will enrich and enlighten the summer world with a joy never before experienced. To the thorny tree of war can be grafted the pleasanter fruit of peace, which woman's hand will learn the wisdom of bestowing, when men have tired of commanding their neighbors to follow their conventions or fight to maintain others.

(Sits down amid a storm of applause and hisses. Just then, as the chairman has announced the next speaker, cries and cheers are heard in the street and a tramping of feet on the stairway, as though a crowd was approaching. The noise comes nearer and soon rapid knockings and calls are heard at the door. The room is already nearly filled but the demand seems imperative and the door is opened to let in a noisy, defiant gang of young men—Greeks, Italians, Polish Jews, and Slovaks, marching in single file carrying an American flag at the head and led by a youth in uniform. They have no respect for the meeting and march in with a brutal determination to stop it and disperse the speakers to prevent any further talk.)

MR. TUCKER:—Will you be more quiet please—we haven't much more room here and wish to proceed with our meeting.

THE LEADER:—You are a gang of traitors and we will not allow you to do your dirty work. This meeting has got to give three cheers for the flag or take the consequences.

MR. TUCKER:—We are here for the very purpose of preserving our rights under the flag and constitution. Perhaps you don't know that.

LEADER:—To hell with the Constitution—war is war, that's all we know. Our crowd is going to enlist and we don't want any damned slackers or copperheads around here telling us what to do. We know what we want and we are going to get it. You can't hold meetings like this around in this neighborhood—real Americans won't stand for it—hey boys?

CHORUS:—No, no, put them out—drop them in the lake. *(Much confusion and trepidation on the part of some of those in the audience who fear a fight or something worse.)*

(Mrs. Udell stands up behind the speaker's table as if to start to speak. The crowd roars her down and her words are inaudible. In the confusion Jack Jones and Jim Larkin

rise from their seats and are seen forcing their way to the front. The marchers try to stop them and are given a taste of their own medicine which starts a grand scramble by the hoodlums to get after Jones and Larkin. Finally, after several heads are bruised the plain clothes men, who turn out to be McDonagh and Egan, get up and show their stars and command quiet in the name of the law. Order is partially restored and Mrs. Udell resumes.)

MRS. UDELL:—Mrs. Thomas and I came here tonight as members of the Peoples Council to answer questions that might be asked by members of the audience in regard to the objects and aims of the Peoples Council. We are not intimidated by the actions of some of the outsiders tonight and only regret that their course seems to need an expression of argument by force, which is no argument at all, to prove its righteousness. I am afraid that their patriotism lies further back than the desire to save the world for democracy and if we realize the hopes of a lot of small nations through this war we will be able to reach the real basis for their enthusiasm in following the American flag. America is synonymous with the thought of freedom with them and if Poland and some of the Balkan states can become free by America's sacrifice they are perfectly willing that it should come in that way. But we of the stock of native Americans for many generations back are slow to respond to this kind of an argument and must be shown that the gain will be commensurate with the cost. I, for one, shall be perfectly willing to see a free world if I can see an unselfish one at the same time.

A VOICE:—You are a friend of the Kaiser—the man who massacres the Belgian babies and bombards the Churches. Soon he will be over here doing the same thing in Chicago if we don't stop him. Shame on you and all the Socialists—they don't deserve to live in a free land,—let them go back to Deutschland where they all belong. Hurrah for Wilson and the U. S. government. (*Loud cheers and shouts.*)

MRS. UDELL:—Well let's start again. Suppose you ask me a question and I will try to answer it—maybe we can understand one another better if we do it that way.

THE LEADER:—Yes, you tell us about the loads of coffins that are being shipped to Europe from this country to bring the bodies of our boys back in; what kind of talk is that to

get our fellows to enlist by—you had rather the Germans would win and pull our whiskers afterward. Not by a damn sight—such talk don't go with us, what is this People's Council anyway that is stirring up this mess and trying to break up the army? The newspapers say you ought to be tarred and feathered and you will be if you don't quit.

MRS. UDELL:—Well, worse things have happened to those who have tried to be honest with themselves. The People's Councils represent those Americans who wish to save America from herself—from the hysteria of war represented by the propaganda you read in your newspapers.

VOICE:—O talk United States—we don't understand this college business you are putting over. What we want is for you to tell us what a great and glorious country the United States is and how it is going to show the Kaiser where he gets off at. That's what we want.

MRS. UDELL:—I am sorry I did not make myself clear. You probably all know what the constitution of the United States is and what it says about the right of people to get together peaceably and talk things over and be able to say what they wish to and have the newspapers tell just exactly what they did say. Well, that is what we are trying to do and I am sure you will all agree with me that it is right to try and have Americans look on this as the right way to carry out the intentions of those who organized the government. The Peoples Council does not stand for anything else and if you as Americans come here and try to break up our meeting, it is you who are Prussianizing the people and not us. If we were trying to do something illegal we would not be permitted to hold these meetings—the government knows we are within our rights but you believe what you read in the profiteer press which is never known to tell the truth unless it is in its interest to do so. It has deliberately lied about us from the beginning, and thinks by its sneers and misrepresentations it can drive us to cover and divorce all liberal minded people from us, but it will fail in this, as it always has, and we will maintain our self respect and keep the friends we are making everywhere. The intelligence of the world is with us, as it is in every cause that is righteous in itself, and needs only an intelligent mind to discover it. You cannot browbeat the best minds of America, or anywhere else, by the arguments of

brutality. The press knows its power because its victims are helpless to get a hearing, but such despots will be found out and meet the fate that all hypocrites do when the people are organized to do their own thinking and acting. We are able to wait, for justice is sometimes tardy but always sure. I think I need not speak longer tonight but will let Mrs. Thomas answer your further questions.

(The crowd has quieted down somewhat when the outsiders see that the speakers cannot be intimidated and that McDonagh and Egan do not stop the meeting but are listening to everything that is said—the actions of Larkin and Jones too have taken some of the starch out of their bravado.)

MRS. THOMAS:—I am greatly pleased that we are getting along so peacefully together. We pacifists like to fight with our minds, but not with our fists, and I am sure that in the end the well settled argument with a good feeling all around has the best results. I know all you fellows who came here with such a noise mean alright, but it's just your way of doing things and if you find out there is a better way you will try it out. We expect now that all of you will join the Council tonight and be our good friends from this time on.

A VOICE:—The hell we will—we don't want any of your stuff and you needn't come over in this neighborhood again or you will get yours,—take this as a warning—one hundred per cent Americans for us and nothing less—we're going to lick the Kaiser and don't you forget it. When we are in Berlin you will know that we mean business—the American boys take no back-talk from anyone with or without silk gloves on their hands, we think you are a bunch of parlor pinks that need a good coat of feathers and that's what you'll get if you try this again. So we're going to quit you this time with a warning. We don't want to hear anything more about your Peoples Council—it don't represent anybody—the people are all for war and those who are against it are spys for the Germans and we will get them where they won't like it. Come on boys, let's quit this nest of copperheads and get some fresh air before we lose our backbone. *(They all march out with a heavy tramp waving the flag vigorously.)*

MRS. THOMAS:—Well, did you ever see anything like that—I thought we had them all converted and coming our way but I see I am mistaken. However, that is only an extra

crowd that we hadn't counted on—we still have our regular meeting and I feel sure there are some here who will be glad to identify themselves with us. Up in Evanston last week we had the same experience with a crowd of hoodlums more or less under the influence of something stronger than water, who tried to break up our meeting and threatened us with Lake Michigan, but better counsels prevailed and we organized an enthusiastic council with the aid of our socialist friends in the neighborhood. When these ardent fighters see that organization goes right on regardless of threats they quit their bullying tactics and either remain quiet or leave the meeting just as these boys have done. I feel proud of the Peoples Council and the stand it has taken—the memory of its acts will remain long after the war has ended and be a source of pride to those who participated in it. If the war is prolonged, its activities will probably be forbidden by the government which will see its horizon of tolerance grow smaller with each passing week and finally forbid everything which does not have as its object the one great thing only of winning the war. We are getting into a greater contract than we have ever thought of, and if America comes out of it with any honor or sense of tolerance left, it will be the only thing redeeming the military glory it will have achieved, in saving the allies, by overwhelming the central powers, through its mighty forces of men and money which it has to pour out in vindication of its pride. The faith of the American people rested on Woodrow Wilson for keeping us out of the war and re-elected him because he had done so, and only for this reason was he called upon to administer the government in the high office of President for another term. Was the acceptance of its second period made by him in the spirit of hypocrisy? Did he not know before last November that he would declare war the following April? A great question to be settled by him and by the people some day—and will not the determination of this fact settle his place in the history of the American people? I believe the day will come when the high pedestal upon which he stands, will be shattered by the belief of the next generation, that he was untrue to the great trust imposed upon him, and sold the nation for a mess of pottage—the nature of which only the years following the war will reveal. (*Sits down.*)

MR. TUCKER:—We have but a few minutes left. I am sure we have all been inspired by the events of the evening. Those who would like to become members of the Peoples Council may do so at the table when the meeting is over by signing the cards. If any have a word to say we shall be glad to hear from them now. Three minute speeches are in order.

SIRFESSER WILKESBARRE (*rises from his seat where he has been a quiet observer of the events of the evening*): Well, by the great Queen Elizabeth—I never saw the likes of this before—in old England we can stand up in Hyde Park and bless the government to our heart's content. They say it is a good thing to let the people give vent to their feelings. If they try anything rough, of course, the police are there to keep order—but the mob can say what it pleases and I believe I am better off in the old country than in the new. Such imbecile organizms, such ignoramus egotists who think they can stop the tongues of a free people from wagging. No no, the vagabonds will die with their tongues in their mouths, serving the useful purpose for which the faithful law of evolution gave them shape. I am glad I came over here tonight to see the practical application of the great American doctrine of liberty. It does me good to know that somewhere else in the world besides Old England there is still chance for a reform movement.

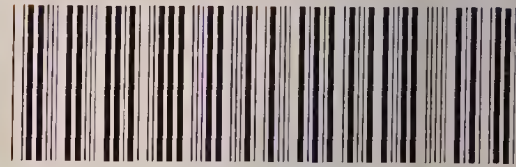
MR. TUCKER:—Well, Sirfesser, we have done the best we could to keep you informed of the development of the spirit of toleration that was bequeathed to this country by the Puritan fathers who came to the rocky shores of Massachusetts to establish political and religious liberty, after feeling the hand of the oppressor in both Holland and England. It is the same everywhere—you must conform—must be conventional, let yourself down to the level of a commonplace world or the masses will take you in hand and define your limits in no uncertain language. What we have seen here tonight is an example of the blind leading the blind; all of the martyrdom of the world, through the ages, has come of the same spirit—Socrates and the cup, Christ and the cross, Bruno and the stake, Savonarola and the Borgias—these all suffered extinction at the hands of the mindless mob who had no toleration. Maybe what we call democracy will perish in the same way,

perhaps it is only a delusion anyway—our thought of brotherhood—at any rate it is our hope that a day may come when the boundaries and confines which now separate man from man, through ancient animosities that seem never to die may pass away and we may say to Greek or barbarian—you are my brother—at least that is the spirit of the lower north side.

CURTAIN

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